The Relief Society Magazine

VOL. 46 NO. 6
Lesson Previews
JUNE 1959

My Thoughts Kneel Down

Elsie McKinnon Strachan

Here in this rose-blown afternoon,
My thoughts kneel down to offer praise
For this, the flowering month of June —
Marked by the chicory's golden blaze,
Marked by the lilac's fragrant gift. . . .
Oh, Father, my grateful thanks for these,
And for music of rivers, songs that lift
From nests and lullabying trees,
For winds that talk in the sun-warm grasses,
For little crickets' toneless voices,
For wild blue asters, and sweetbrier-air;
Oh, thank you, Father, that everywhere
Gladness spills from the joy of living —
Immutable is thy loving—thy giving!

The Cover: View of Cleveland, Ohio
Photograph by Frank Muth, Free Lance Photographers Guild, Inc.

Frontispiece: Jackson Hole, Wyoming, With the Grand Tetons in the Background
Luoma Studios

Cover Design by Evan Jensen

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From Near and Far

I really should find more time to write to people who abide in places I love, for as I write this note, I am carried away in memory into our beautiful Relief Society Building. . . . How we look forward to *The Relief Society Magazine* each month. I have read every issue from cover to cover for the past thirty-five years, but never before with so much anticipation, enjoyment, and satisfaction as I have done since being so far away from headquarters. It certainly is a medium which brings the sisters of the world close together. How beautiful the new covers are! They are more beautiful than I had dreamed they could be.

—Velma N. Simonsen
South Australian
Mission Relief Society
Victoria, Australia

I have just finished reading Amy Viau's page "About Twilight" in the April issue of *The Relief Society Magazine*. How lovely it is! A page of pure poetry. Amy Viau founded the Quill Pen Writers' Club in Santa Ana; she was also a member and past president of the Pierian Poetry Club. She died a few months ago, and we who knew and loved her miss her very much. We Santa Ana writers do appreciate and often mention the high literary standards maintained by *The Relief Society Magazine*. I especially enjoyed Vesta Lukei's touching love poem "This Year's Spring" also in the April issue.

—Elsie McKinnon Strachan
Santa Ana, California

I offer my congratulations for our fine *Magazine*. I often wonder how there can be so much in such a slender *Magazine*. It is a pleasure to read the wonderful poems, stories, and articles. The covers are beautiful. They really add a lot to the *Magazine*—something like a new dress, after having worn the old a long time. The *Magazine* gives me a new slant on life and gives us all encouragement and a desire for self-improvement.

—Katie Harris Lewis
Malad, Idaho

I would like to express my gratitude for the story "Unto the Hills," by Helen Hooper, in the April issue of *The Relief Society Magazine*. The mother in that story was such a wonderful and courageous person, with such strong faith, I had to feel ashamed of myself for getting upset over minor difficulties. That evening when I read the story to my husband, I could see that he, too, felt deeply moved by it. I feel sorry for all the women in the world who are not blessed as I am to be able to subscribe to *The Relief Society Magazine*.

—Millie Martindale
Bossier City, Louisiana

Thank you for the copy of the splendid April issue, with its beautiful cover and lovely frontispiece! I have read it from cover to cover already, though it came only this afternoon. I especially enjoyed "Great Grandmother's Notebook," by Arlene D. Cloward (story) and Vesta Lukei's fine poem "This Year's Spring." It seems to me that the philosophy underlying every article and poem and story in the book is one of genuine, solid, down-to-earth truth. I only wish more of our country's periodicals took the same attitude! You never belittle small things, the home things, which, after all, are the real things.

—Maude Rubin
Santa Ana, California

I want to express my appreciation for the beautiful new covers on the *Magazine*. I have been a reader of the *Magazine* most of my life and look forward to every issue. Every article, lesson, poem, and story is wonderful. Thank you especially for the Visiting Teacher Messages. I am grateful for every item.

—Mrs. Martha E. Brokaw
Stockton, California

I would like to tell you how much I enjoy *The Relief Society Magazine*. I am a new convert of five months, and I have never before known life to be so beautiful. The gospel has changed my life completely.

—Mrs. Anne Sheffield
Winnipeg, Manitoba
Canada

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly Publication of the Relief Society of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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VOL. 46 JUNE 1959 NO. 6

Contents

SPECIAL FEATURES

A Tribute to Fathers ..... Florence Jepperson Madsen 348
The Great Lakes Mission ..... Preston R. Nibley 352
More Precious Than Rubies 369
Country Summer ..... Rodello Hunter 373
Green-Willow Days ..... Shirley Sealy 379
Relief Society for Mothers and Daughters ..... Permella Haggard 414

FICTION

Dear Father ..... Mabel Law Atkinson 354
Peach-Tree Poem ..... Frances C. Yost 358
One of Them ..... Christie Lund Coles 374
Granny Will Be Waiting ..... Betty Martin 382
The Ladder of Love ..... Margaret Russell 385
The Silver Leash—Chapter 6 ..... Beatrice Rordame Parsons 391

GENERAL FEATURES

From Near and Far 346
Sixty Years Ago 364
Woman's Sphere ..... Ramona W. Cannon 365
Editorial: The 129th Annual Church Conference ..... Vesta P. Crawford 366
Notes to the Field: Program for the November Fast Sunday Evening Meeting 368
Hymn of the Month — Annual List 368
Notes From the Field: Relief Society Activities ..... Hulda Parker 395
Birthday Congratulations 416

FEATURES FOR THE HOME

Recipes From the Great Lakes Mission ..... Vonda L. Christensen 371
A Handy Pincushion ..... Elizabeth Williamson 381
A Challenge to Mothers ..... Leona Fetzer Wintch 386
The Wedding-Ring Tree ..... Helen S. Williams 388
Carlota de Yalibat's Unique Hobbies 390
The Pansy-Picker ..... Vernessa M. Nagle 401

Lesson Department — Previews for 1959-60

Theology — The Doctrine and Covenants ..... Roy W. Doxey 402
Visiting Teacher Messages — Truths to Live By From the Doctrine and Covenants ..... Christine H. Robinson 404
Work Meeting — Physical Safety Factors in the Home ..... Charlotte A. Larsen 406
Literature — America's Literature — A New Nation Speaks ..... Briant S. Jacobs 407
Social Science — Spiritual Living in the Nuclear Age ..... Blaine M. Porter 408
Notes on the Authors of the Lessons 411

POETRY

My Thoughts Kneel Down — Frontispiece ..... Elsie McKinnon Strachan 345
The Handcart Child, by Orvene B. Holman, 356; The Superstition Mountain, by Ruth H. Chadwick, 357; Lilac's Journey, by Lula Walker, 363; For Grandmothers Who Baby Sit, by Camilla Woodbury Judd, 370; Heart of a House, by Ethel Jacobson, 372; Blue Morning-Glories, by Josie B. Bay, 378; The Hummingbird, by Winona Frandsen Thomas, 381; If This Is Peace, by Eva Willes Wangsgaard, 387; So Thought Unfolds, by Maude Rubin, 389; Heritage, by Viola A. Cornwall, 390; Where the Gull Goes, by Gwen Marler Barney, 410.

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A Tribute to Fathers

Florence Jepperson Madsen

Member, Relief Society General Board

ANXIOUSLY, we wait through the last weeks of chilly winter to greet the lovely, magical days of spring — days that bring sunshine and warmth to the earth, and usher in a newness of life, that give hopeful signs and promise of forthcoming prosperity.

No season could be more appropriate, nor a month better chosen, than that of May in which to pay tribute to our precious mothers. The very air we breathe is filled with the fragrance of buds and flowers and "there is beauty all around."

Father's Day comes in June, the first month of summer, when days are longer and warmer, and when there is a profusion of bloom everywhere. In this choice and picturesque setting, we pay tribute and honor to our wonderful fathers.

Very early in childhood we are taught to say the word "Father," and to speak it reverently when offering our first simple prayers to Heavenly Father. By this means we learn to communicate with our Divine Creator, and to hold sacred his holy name. Likewise, we learn to address, or speak of our earthly father, whose name we bear, with due esteem and sincere appreciation.

> For the Lord hath given the father glory as touching the children . . . The glory of a man is from the honour of his Father (Ecclesiasticus 1:7).

We honor our dear fathers on their "special" day — and on all days. We respect and support them in their important position as head of the family. Among the many responsibilities that are theirs, we mention but a few basic ones: supplying the daily physical and material necessities of life; giving direction and guidance to the spiritual needs of the family; offering support to community projects; and rendering service to the Church.

Fathers who thus assume and discharge graciously such responsibilities grow in understanding, sympathy, and kindliness. They fulfill the scriptural injunction to "Govern your house in meekness, and be steadfast" (D & C 31:9). These words of instruction given in a revelation through the Prophet Joseph Smith to Thomas B. Marsh, in the year 1830, are as timely and significant today as they were then.

Children reared in a home environment of peace, understanding, and love are given the opportunity of developing normal physical, mental, spiritual, and emotional strength. This prepares them to meet and solve, without frustration and discouragement, many of the problems they will encounter in daily life.

Robert Schumann, one of the world's great composers and critics, asked this question:

> Can we not have our heaven on earth, if we take a simple, sober view of life, and are not unreasonable in our demands?

This question might be consid-

ered to be answered by President David O. McKay in his book, *Gospel Ideals* (page 490) as follows:

> I know of no other place than home where more happiness can be found in this life. It is possible to make home a bit of heaven; indeed, I picture heaven to be a continuation of the ideal home.

The pattern of righteous living exemplified by the father is ever a guiding and determining influence in the lives of the family members.

> His love was like a shelter round us,
> A guardian there to bless
> The children and the hearth of home
> In strength of tenderness. . . .
> —V. P. C.

A word picture is drawn in the preceding lines of one whose name six children bear, two sons and two daughters surviving, who honor their father's name, that of Samuel Hans Jepperson. The example and influence of this great man will always be remembered and treasured.

IN the humble tribute I shall pay to the memory of my beloved father, and in the brief sketch highlighting characteristics and events in his life, there will be portrayed a likeness of other noble fathers who have walked, or who now walk along similar paths of worthy endeavor, and in whom many of the same admirable qualities are to be found.

The parents of my father, Samuel Hans Jepperson, heard and accepted the gospel message in their native country, Denmark, in the year 1853. Like many other converts whose lives had been changed through this message of truth and light, a desire burned deep in their hearts to go to the New Land, America, then on to Utah, where they could live among those of the same faith.

After four years of planning, working, sacrificing, and saving, the parents with their child, Samuel, age three, made the long voyage to America. In Iowa City they joined the saints, who were being organized into a handcart company preparatory to making the "trek" to Utah. In this hazardous mode of travel they encountered many hardships during the three months it took to make the journey. Nevertheless, though travel-worn and weary, they arrived safely in the new Territory. With undaunted courage and faith, they went forth to meet the varied challenges in their new environment.

Within a year the family moved into the settlement of Provo, where a work project was being started and where there was opportunity for employment. Growing up, as he did, in a pioneer settlement, Father learned early in life to work with his head, as well as with his hands. He helped to design and make implements and the pieces of furniture they needed.

At an early age Father gave evidence of pronounced talent in music and art. Born with the soul of an artist, he longed to capture from nature the beauties of sight and sound that were all about him, and to find a medium through which to reproduce and express these beauties. But pioneer days were days of survival; and time and strength must be spent in grubbing sagebrush and clearing ground so crops could be grown.

The years moved on and, although there were yet many of the family needs that could not be sup-

plied, and frugality must be maintained, still, life became a little less strenuous for them. The ground was more fertile; crops could be produced more easily, and there was, occasionally, a little leisure time to enjoy.

FATHER earned his first violin, when a lad of thirteen. The gentleman who owned the instrument bargained with the boy to haul four loads of logs for him from the canyon in payment for the very precious violin. Since there was a lull in the season's work, permission was granted the boy to take the oxen and wagon. Plans for the trip were about completed, when the anxious mother exclaimed, "But, my boy, you haven't any shoes!" To a boy whose whole heart was set on getting a violin, what did shoes matter? Unafraid, and with jubilant spirit, he went into the canyon, barefooted, brought out the logs, and claimed the violin.

We children often wondered how Father, through those strenuous pioneer years, ever kept alive his desire and inner urge to express his great talents; however, he did, and his mature years were rich with the fulfillment of his most cherished dreams.

Father was fortunate and greatly blessed in the choice of his life's companion, Minnie Johnson Jepperson — our mother. She was talented, unselfish, and appreciative, and recognized the many talents and genius in her husband. No sacrifice was too great to make, if it promoted his artistic talents and interests. She was a devoted companion, helpmate, and inspiration throughout his life. A woman with a great soul!

Father was by nature a refined and cultured gentleman. He was honest, considerate, sympathetic, and affectionate. Words of criticism or fault-finding were never voiced by him. He was unselfish, generous, and appreciative. He loved his fellow man and was ever ready to help him. One of the most outstanding qualities of my father was his deep-rooted spirituality and his implicit faith in his Heavenly Father. In times of sickness and trouble he knew where to go for inspiration and help. He had learned the value and power of prayer. His talents, including art and music, were freely used in promoting Church and civic projects. No call was ever made of him to which he did not cheerfully respond.

Father had a delightful sense of humor. He would tell some interested listener a story about pioneer days, and, with a twinkle in his eyes, would end the story by saying, "The trek across the plains was very hard, but I crossed by *pull-man*."

THE happiest hours of our childhood were those spent together as a family, playing in our home orchestra, or out on a picnic and sketching party. As Father went about looking for a scene to paint, we children followed along and made our selections. Sometimes we complained because the scene we had chosen was spoiled by a fallen tree, an old stump, or, perhaps, by an ugly shed near to it. Smiling at our complaints, Father would explain that one can put into a painting just what he wishes to have there, and leave the rest out. Life is much the same, he said.

Through the artist eyes of my

Father, we were taught to see the inspiring scenic beauties of nature; to observe and appreciate the color variations, shapes of shadows and cloud formations; to enjoy each seasonal change and to note the particular splendors peculiar to each season, namely: winter with its vast whiteness; spring in its delicate shades of green; summer with its deeper pastel colors; and autumn with its reds, yellows, and gold.

Father possessed great ingenuity. He could make most anything, from a toy to a harp. How we loved those homemade toys, and we learned to play the harp!

Yes, he developed his musical talents parallel to those of his art. He had both a theater and a dance orchestra, and he organized and conducted the Provo City Band for over thirty years. One of the treasured and lasting memory pictures of ours is that of Mother rendering a contralto solo, Father playing the violin obbligato, and we children accompanying them on our various instruments.

> We love music for . . . the garnered memories, the tender feelings it can summon at a touch (L. E. Landon).

Father expressed his art talent, principally, in the medium of landscape painting. Among his paintings are to be found a large variety of subjects. Of particular significance are those of historic interest, which he re-created from the numerous dramatic stories he heard from pioneers through the years. Those of special interest are:

The Handcart Company
The Covered Wagon Train
Fort Provo
The Indian's Happy Hunting Ground

With our walls adorned with his beautiful art creations, into which a part of his very soul has gone, he is ever with us!

Nature, the wonderful handiwork of God, never ceased being a great miracle to my father. Much of his time was spent out in its vast expanse, observing its many wonders and catching its fleeting moods. To him it was a very sacred place where one could go and feel very close to his Creator.

The words of a friend, Professor Harrison R. Merrill, regarding my father are fitting:

> But the best thing he did cannot be counted in money. He was a light shining in the wilderness to many other artistic souls who might not, except for him, ever have been developed. He gave to a raw and more or less uncouth frontier a little soul-heat from which whole communities have been warmed.

Although we can never fully pay our debt of gratitude to our fathers, we can pay a little on the interest over the three hundred and sixty-five days of the year. Let us revere our fathers on this special day, and through our deeds, bring honor to their names.

Hear, ye children, the instruction of a father, and attend to know understanding. For I give you good doctrine, forsake ye not my law . . . (Proverbs 4:1-2).

The Great Lakes Mission

Preston R. Nibley

Assistant Church Historian

THE First Presidency announced, on October 14, 1949, the formation of a new mission, to be known as the Great Lakes Mission. Three states, Michigan, Indiana, and Ohio, were taken from the Northern States Mission, to form the new mission. Carl C. Burton of Salt Lake City was chosen as the first president. Headquarters was established at Ft. Wayne, Indiana, where a new mission home was purchased. The membership in the new mission was given as 6,563.

The Detroit Stake was organized from the Great Lakes Mission in November 1952, under the direction of Elders Ezra Taft Benson and Henry D. Moyle of the Council of the Twelve. Wards were formed in Detroit, Toledo, Dearborn, Ann Arbor, Pontiac-Royal Oak, Flint, Saginaw-Midland, and Lansing. Branches included were Jackson and Selfridge, and also three branches from the Canadian Mission, Windsor, Sarnis, Chatham.

President Burton was released as president of the Great Lakes Mission in June 1953, and was succeeded by Lorin L. Richards. President Richards

Courtesy Michigan Tourist Council
Submitted by Vonda L. Christensen

BLOCKHOUSE OF HISTORIC FORT MACKINAC
MACKINAC ISLAND, MICHIGAN

This sentinel of history has kept faithful watch over the Straits of Mackinac since 1780.

Courtesy Chamber of Commerce
Fort Wayne, Indiana
Submitted by Vonda L. Christensen

STATUE OF GENERAL ANTHONY WAYNE, FORT WAYNE, INDIANA

The city of Fort Wayne was named for this general who built the wooden Fort Wayne which was dedicated in 1794. The place was incorporated as a town in 1829, and as a city in 1840.

served faithfully until December 1956, when he was succeeded by Ruel E. Christensen, who presides at the present time.

A second stake, the Cincinnati Stake, was formed from the Great Lakes Mission in November 1958, under the direction of Elders Mark E. Petersen and LeGrand Richards of the Council of the Twelve. Wards were formed in Cincinnati, Dayton, Fairborn, Hamilton, and Springfield, in Ohio, and Covington, in Kentucky. There are also the Georgetown and Middletown Branches in Ohio.

At the end of February 1959, there were 9,677 members of the Church in the Great Lakes Mission, located in fifty branches.

Fifty-seven Relief Society organizations, with 1366 members, were reported in December 1958. Vonda L. Christensen presides over the Great Lakes Mission Relief Society.

Note: The cover for this *Magazine* is a "View of Cleveland, Ohio." See also "Recipes From the Great Lakes Mission," by Sister Christensen, page 371.

Dear Father

Mabel Law Atkinson

"THERE, Mary Emma, is this clean enough to suit you?" Eighty-two-year-old Cyril Roberts looked about his kitchen as he spoke. Looked at the clean, old-fashioned, coal-burning range, the clean breakfast dishes placed in the old-fashioned oak cupboard, with its mirror at the back of the mid-section buffet, at the clean-swept linoleum, and at the geraniums blooming on the clean window sills.

But there was no Mary Emma to answer, and there had been no Mary Emma for thirty-six years, that is no Mary Emma to be seen or heard, but, somehow Cyril always felt her nearness, and this sort of make-believe companionship—if you would call it that—kept him from being too lonely, and, as he often admitted to himself, kept him doing his best and keeping the home neat and clean.

Cyril Roberts had lived alone since his last daughter had married. That is he was alone except when some of his children and grandchildren were visiting him or he was visiting them.

This particular June morning, he felt his aloneness a little more keenly than usual. Perhaps it was because tomorrow was Father's Day, and he longed to hear the laughter and noise of his seven sons and two daughters, as he and Mary Emma had those years ago together.

"Well, Cyril Roberts, better get to work," he said aloud to no one but himself. "Through your long days and years of being alone, work has been your salvation. There is plenty to do, goodness knows! Get your gouty old hands busy." Slowly he moved the fingers of his hands, gnarled and knotted with their years of hard work and exposure to the elements. He opened and closed them to relieve their stiffness. "There, that's better. They move real tolerably now, and without too much pain and don't seem to tremble so."

He left the house and went to his workshop in the back yard. It was sheltered by a giant box elder like a great green umbrella. In summertime he worked under this tree, save when he needed to use the equipment in the shop. He was making a teeter for his grandchildren now. This morning he would saw and carve the horses' heads to be put near each end of the long, thick plank for the children to hold to as they teetered.

One would have marveled at his skill, watching his trembling old hands as he worked surely and confidently at his task.

He worked steadily for an hour, then sat down to relax on a garden seat he had fashioned from a stump. His eyes, focused far away, held a rather sad and nostalgic light as he said, "Seems I hanker to see the children this morning. Feel more lonesome than usual. Let's see, haven't seen any of them since Memorial Day. They all came then to put flowers on their mother's grave." He wiped away a tear, blew his nose vigorously, then continued, "There now, I feel better.

Cy Roberts, you should be ashamed of yourself. Do you realize it's only been three weeks since Memorial Day? How often do you expect them to come, I wonder? Guess I must be getting old and letting senility creep in. They have their own families and can't be expected to spend much time on an old fellow like me. But they're good children, every one of them. Sometimes I wonder how they turned out so well with Mary Emma being gone." He sat silently for some time, the faraway look still in his kindly, dimming old eyes.

CYRIL was startled from his reverie by the merry whistle of the postman, and his cheerful voice as he called, "There you are, Grandpa." (He was Grandpa to most of the villagers.) "Say, that's a splendid horse's head you're making. Which of your grandchildren is this for?"

"Oh, this teeter-totter is for Edwin's children. I just finished the little table and chairs for Ellen's girls last week. Like to see them?"

Grandpa led him into the shop and explained, "The paint isn't dry yet, not quite. And here's the little cupboard for Mattie's kiddies. This rocking horse is for Tom's. I've still got to finish this doll cradle for Dick's girlies, then I'll have made something for each family of children."

"Wonderful!" was the postman's comment. "Then, what will you do to keep busy?"

"I don't worry about that. Not at all. I've decided to make each of my boys and girls something that's needed in their homes. When that project is finished, I'll start all over again for the grandchildren. There's no end of toys I can make for them. I'm glad I have my craft to work at. Used to do blacksmithing as well as carpentry work. Loved to build barns, sheds, and even built a few homes; but now I'm content to putter at little things."

"I don't see how you do it, Grandpa. It's a miracle what you accomplish with your crippled hands. But there's no crippling of your mind, that is certain."

"No credit or praise is due me. I just do what I can each day to keep happy. Idleness is misery. You know before Mary Emma left me, when we both knew she was going, I said, 'What will I do, Mary Emma, without you? How can I go on alone?' She smiled and answered, 'Keep busy, Papa. Do things for the children and later for our grandchildren as they come along. If ever you feel you can't go on another minute, *do something for somebody else*. Then you'll be happy.' My own Mary Emma charted my course for me, and it has worked. It has worked, my boy, only right now I am lonely for my boys and girls. Been thinking about them all morning."

"And they are thinking about you, judging by the nine letters I came to give you. I must be on my way. Happy reading, Grandpa."

TEARS rivered Cy's wrinkled old cheeks as he looked at the letters, one by one. They had all been thinking of him, perhaps even now they were thinking of him. Of course, that was the reason for his longing to see them.

Which should he open first? He fingered each lovingly, then decided

on Edwin's, since he was the oldest.

With fingers trembling with joy, as well as the infirmity of age, he broke the seal, and read:

Dear Father,

All nine of us, your children, with our children will be with you Sunday for Father's Day. We made this appointment among ourselves on Memorial Day. And that is not all. You should receive nine letters of appreciation, if all have remembered their pledge.

"They remembered, my boy! They remembered!" Grandpa wiped his eyes then read on:

In beginning my letter, I want to say this: There is something inherently fine about a man who can successfully keep a family together and be father and mother both, and rear his children to be honorable citizens and active Church members. And this is what you have done, Father, and you have done it remarkably well.

A dry sob arose in the old father's throat, as he continued:

We, your children, will never forget the gospel truths you taught us, the truths you, yourself, lived. We love you, Father, for bringing us up in love and kindness and *firmness;* and for keeping alive in our hearts our sweet, gentle little mother, who, although she has been gone for so many years, is very much alive to all of us.

You have been young with us, Father. Remember how when we had done a few rather destructive pranks that, after you had counseled against them and showed us our errors, you would relate to us the foolish capers you did in your own youthful days, such as racing with sleighs and teams. You know, such stories made us feel we could get close to you, and made us desire to live as you advised. They made you our best pal.

Do you remember the summer you broke your leg just as the haying season began? How three weeks later you were mowing hay with your leg in a sling tied to the mowing machine? You have always been and still are a courageous man. I am proud to be your son, and shall try to be to my children what you have been to me. You are a bulwark to us still, and we need you.

Thanks for everything, Father. I could go on and on, but will see you Sunday, so goodbye for now.

With love and appreciation,
Edwin and Family

Cyril Roberts was silent for several long moments, reliving past joys and meditating on the richness of his wealth. Why, his life had been filled with joy! So many happy memories, so many blessed hopes for the future, and he was needed still!

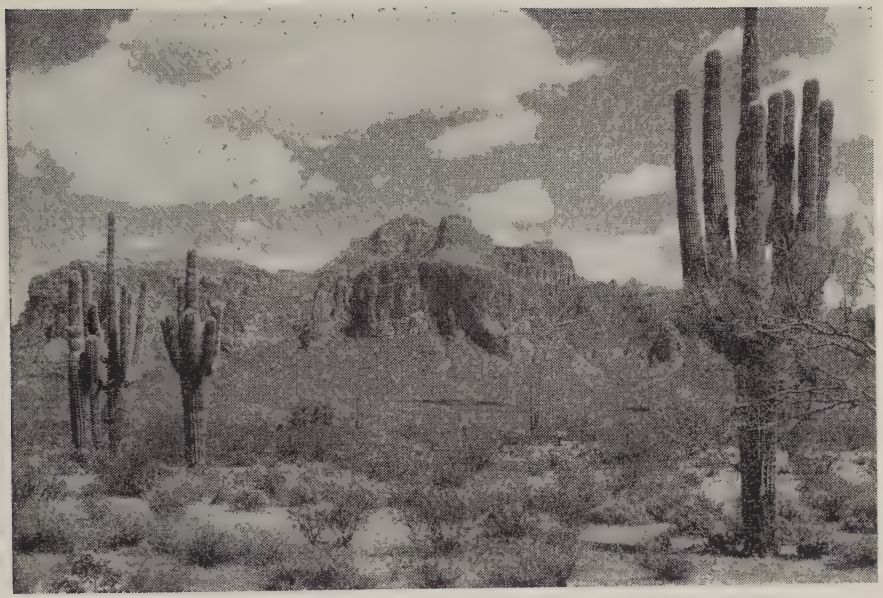
Gratefully he opened the letter from his second son and began to read.

The Handcart Child

Orvene B. Holman

Oh, wagon girl, you cradled dolls of rag,
With button eyes and colored yarn for hair.
And, wagon boy, with dust you played your tag,
And kept the pace of wheels when skies were fair.

You snuggled on your quilts outside the carts,
And whispered, even laughed, when day was done.
I wish I knew what dreams were in your hearts
On nights when stars and desert seemed as one.



Josef Muench

THE SUPERSTITION MOUNTAIN, ARIZONA

The Superstition Mountain

Ruth H. Chadwick

Against the morning's opal sky
You lift a perfect silhouette.
Your spires and pinnacles hold high
Their scissor-edged horizon, yet
Your firmly molded baseline stands
Securely anchored to the earth,
While jutting cliffs and desert sands
Shroud secrets muted from your birth.

Exciting tales and Dutchman's lore
Have cast weird spells on avid men.
But I'm content, and what is more,
I've found your treasure once again;
Not hidden gold and precious stones,
Nor phantom dreams that lead astray,
But artistry's bold overtones
That lift my soul to greet the day.

Peach-Tree Poem

Frances C. Yost

CONNIE Ziebarth turned hesitatingly at the principal's office door. Mr. Conklin had asked her to come to do some substitute teaching. She wondered what grade and for how long.

"Good morning, Mrs. Ziebarth, for the rest of the term, the seventh grade." Phil Conklin was noted for getting to the point. "The former teacher suddenly decided to wed and honeymoon. With your experience, you won't have any trouble, Mrs. Ziebarth. But there is one problem child, Chuck. I believe his name is Charles Moffitt."

"Subnormal, I assume."

"No, the problem isn't that simple. This Chuck Moffitt is smart enough. He doesn't attend regularly, and lacks interest. I might tell you, his mother's a widow. Chuck is the oldest of six children. They have a farm up in the Cove. Chuck does a man's work even though he is but fourteen. I hope you can do something for Chuck, he needs school badly, Mrs. Ziebarth. He and the last teacher didn't get along well, sorry to say.

"Oh, another thing, the Literary Guild sponsored a poetry contest in the school. You know the type of thing, every child is compelled to enter and they hope to discover a Longfellow or a Keats. Mrs. Ziebarth, here are the seventh grade poems. You are to go over them carefully, pick the best, and award the book prize at the forthcoming school assembly. Simple as that."

"Simple! Mr. Conklin, I may be qualified to teach, but I'm not qualified to be a poetry critic. Couldn't someone else judge these verses?"

"It's part of the job, Mrs. Ziebarth." Then Phil Conklin winked and added, "I sincerely trust you will be amused, if not enthused with your seventh-grade poets."

Connie smiled, too. "I'm sure I shall be." She picked up the sheaf of verses and turned on her heel and left the office.

Connie found the seventh-grade students were as Principal Conklin had stated, average, and eager to learn for the most part. The problem child, Chuck Moffitt, was not in attendance the first day. Perhaps it is just as well, Connie thought, I'll get adjusted to the other students and tackle the big problem when he gets here.

The clock finally struck the hour of twelve, and the students raced from the room. Connie sighed, "Might as well look over the verses while I eat my sandwich. The more work I can do here at school the less I'll have to do evenings."

"My Pet Turtle," by Peggy Stone. "Although I'm poor, I went to the store. I bought a turtle, I named her Myrtle."

Clever, if she had stopped here, Connie thought, but the next eighteen lines were . . . terrible.

Connie picked up the second theme: "My Horse," by Fred Hawks.

I guess this is normal work for seventh grade, but a diet of doggerel is hard to take. Connie bit into an apple for a refresher. If I could only find one with promise.

"My Dog Mitzy," by Mike Teer-

link. In fourteen lines Mike told how he came to have his dog, and how he had taught him tricks, and the love the two had for each other.

Well this is some better at any rate, Connie mused, setting it aside, then continued through the pile of poems.

THEN it was she came to one titled: "My Peach Tree."

Well, someone has bothered to use a pen and write legibly. Neatness should count here as much as with a theme, and no misspelled words! Go to the head of the class whoever you are! What! No by-line! Such modesty! Then it was Connie noticed the name in the upper left-hand corner of the page, *Chuck Moffitt.*

MY PEACH TREE

Spring has touched my little tree;
My peach tree has bloomed.
Blossoms lavendery-pink
Delicate perfumed.
Yesterday it was obscene
Standing there neglected.
Now poised like a ballerine,
Beauty is reflected.
With a Cinderella grace,
Peach tree wears a dress of lace.

This stands out like a prince among a swarm of wild beasts. Connie glanced up at the clock. It's time to start the afternoon grind, better stop with the peach-tree poem while I have a good taste in my mouth. I'll finish this work tonight. There's no question thus far who gets the book prize in the seventh grade. Chuck Moffitt's poem is away out in the lead.

During the afternoon, as the students prepared their assignments, her mind kept going back to the peach-tree poem. She found herself remembering complete lines. Since Chuck has the makings of a poet, I'll try to reach him through the poetry channel. I hope Chuck Moffitt comes to school tomorrow. I can hardly wait to meet him.

* * * * *

A gangling boy, with a bored look on his countenance, sauntered into the schoolroom, minutes late the following morning. At sight of a new teacher his shoulders straightened, then, as if he were thinking, she'll be no different, he resumed his slouch and took his seat at the back of the room.

"So you're Charles Moffitt." Connie Ziebarth smiled.

"Just call me Chuck," he mumbled into his shirt.

"We missed you yesterday, Chuck."

"Had to get the spring grain planted Miss. . . ."

"I'm Mrs. Ziebarth, Chuck. I used to live on a farm, years ago. I like farms. Do you have most of your spring planting done now?"

"I finished last night." He smiled triumphantly, yet shyly.

"Good work, then you'll be able to attend quite regularly for the rest of the term, Chuck?"

"Well, it's hard to say. If nothing goes wrong at the ranch . . . perhaps." Then he looked up and queried, "You going to teach the rest of the year?"

"Mr. Conklin asked me to."

The morning progressed beautifully. English, spelling, arithmetic, science, took their respective places. Chuck Moffitt participated in every class, but with an abstract attitude. His vocabulary was outstanding for the seventh grade. Connie thought, he's much too mature for this group.

That's why he lacks interest. She wanted to talk more with Chuck, compliment him on his fine poem, and offer to lend some poetry books she had, and to ask him if he had written other poems besides the peach-tree poem.

When the noon bell rang, Connie made a point to be at Chuck's desk. "Chuck, can you stay a moment? I'd like to speak to you." Connie halfway expected him to bolt and run with the others.

"Okay," he mumbled, as he watched the others leaving the room.

"Do you raise peach trees on your farm, Chuck?"

"I've been babying one along, just outside my bedroom window. It bloomed this year, just like the poem says."

Well, Connie thought, we've arrived at the subject of the peach-tree poem much quicker than I had anticipated. "Of what does a peach tree remind you, Chuck?"

"Why, Mrs. Ziebarth, just like the poem says, it reminds me of a ballerina dancer, as it shimmers and sways. Mom and I once went to a dance festival and a tiny slip of a lady danced the ballerina. Our peach tree is dainty like that, Mrs. Ziebarth."

"Thanks for staying and talking with me, Chuck. Want to make a run for the cafeteria and get in line with the others in the class?"

"I sure am hungry." He smiled broadly and was gone.

Alone at her desk, Connie chided herself. Why didn't you ask him right out if he wrote the poem, instead of hedging?

Connie never remembered coming in contact with anyone just like Chuck Moffitt before. Yet she had to admit he was a challenge. No wonder the former teacher suddenly decided to get married in mid-term and quit teaching.

THAT same evening, in the quiet of her own room, Connie Ziebarth went over the seventh grade poems for the final judging. She must be fair about this. Again Chuck's poem stood out far better than any of the others. It was beautiful in feeling and full of imagery, and the best in accent, rhythm, and rhyme. Yes, she must admit it, the poem seemed too good to be Chuck's. Yet Chuck wasn't an ordinary boy. He was alone much of the time in the fields, he could study nature, he had an imagination, a vocabulary. He just might have written it, but could she be sure? She must know before the school assembly next week. She must not make a mistake, giving the prize to someone undeserving of it. Connie shut her eyes, only to see a blossoming peach tree.

I've spent more than enough time judging verses, when I see them with my eyes closed. I believe I'll ask one of the other teachers to help judge. Perhaps I have been partial.

For relaxation before bedtime, Connie picked up the latest issue of a magazine and started thumbing through, reading the poetry at the end of each page. Toward the back of the magazine she stopped short, "The Peach Tree!" There it was in black and white. Her eyes traversed the ten short lines. It was the same, not a single word had been changed! What was the word for literary theft? Plagiarism! To

commit plagiarism was equal to stealing.

Slowly Connie withdrew the peach-tree poem from the others. Her impulse was to tear it into shreds. But what good would that do? This boy must be told. This time she wouldn't hedge about her duty. She picked up her pen and wrote across the bottom of the page: *plagiarism.*

"This poem, as you very well know, was copied verbatim from a current magazine. Borrowing written work from another is called plagiarism, which is one form of stealing."

"Well, that settles it. The prize will go to Mike Teerlink for his verse 'My Dog Mitzy!' "

Connie Ziebarth slipped off her robe, turned out the light, and crawled into bed. She couldn't remember when she had ever been so tired. No, this thing she felt wasn't tiredness. It was deep-down disappointment, which shriveled her heart. Try as she would, she could not dismiss the thought of the boy living up in the Cove, doing a man's work and taking care of his widowed mother and five little brothers and sisters. He had looked her straight in the eye and had told her he had a peach tree, and that it bloomed, and reminded him of a ballet dancer. Had he lied about these things, too? Tomorrow was Saturday and she would drive up the Cove and check on a few things.

* * * * *

THE day dawned clear and bright. Spring was scented with lilacs, and laden with bridal wreath . . . a perfect day for a ride, but Connie dreaded the task before her. Yet before she left, she must clear her conscience. She withdrew the peach tree poem. She had been harsh, overwrought, and disappointed last night. Words on paper were cold and cruel and lived long in the memory. What she must do she would do verbally. Carefully with scissors, Connie trimmed her note from the bottom of the peach-tree poem.

Connie backed her car from the garage and drove straight toward the Cove. The car itself seemed eager for the drive and purred merrily and mockingly. At this early hour even the bird calls held a rhythm, a bit of poetry in each throated sound. The Cove seemed to wear a blossom on every stem. Ordinarily, Connie would have been compelled to stop and gather a bouquet of wild flowers growing along the wayside, but she must not stop. She had a job to do, and loathsome as it was, she must see it through.

She tried to decide just how to handle the problem. Would it be best to tell the whole sordid story to Mrs. Moffitt? A mother should know of her son's doings, his stealing. Or would it be best to speak to Chuck himself? What if the mother and the boy met her at the door?

My it's a long way to the Moffitt ranch. No wonder Chuck comes late so often, with cattle to feed and cows to milk before he comes. Connie's car rounded a curve in the road, and a hidden valley opened before her. A man on a tractor was plowing in the field. Why it wasn't a man, it was Chuck himself! This was his environment, here on his own farm he drank true harmony in the fields he loved. Yes, it was best to put the question to him here

and now. He was too much the man to tattle to his mother. His mother's heart must never know the hurt her own had known last night. She stopped the car.

Chuck, seeing her, waved, turned off the tractor, shook the dust from his hat, dusted his face with his handkerchief, and walked through the freshly plowed field to the fence, then like a deer sprinted over, and up to her car.

"Nice of you to drive up, Mrs. Ziebarth. We don't have much company here in the Cove. Mother would like to have you stay for dinner. I believe she's cooking some friers and rhubarb pie."

Connie had steeled herself to speak openly to a seventh grader, but this man of the field, who had invited her to dine at his table, how could she call him a thief to his face? Perhaps the note at the bottom of the page was best after all.

"You will stay won't you, Mrs. Ziebarth?" he repeated his invitation.

"Chuck Moffitt, you're tempting me!" Connie laughed in spite of herself. She had to admit Chuck was pleasantly interesting. But she must . . . she simply must state her problem. She could not live with it a moment longer.

"Chuck, I was reading in a magazine last night. I came upon the peach-tree poem."

"You did, Mrs. Ziebarth! You liked it, too, didn't you, Mrs. Ziebarth?" His voice was enthusiastic, with never a trace of guilt.

"Chuck, the poem contest was for original poems. Didn't you understand?"

"I knew we were supposed to write a poem of our own. Teacher gave us some time in class. I could hear the kids all around mumbling about turtle and Myrtle, Mitzy and ritzy, a horse of course, and cats and bats. That's not real poetry, that's jargon. So I just looked out of the window and thought about how pretty the Cove is, and about beautiful poems I have read, then the time was gone."

"Why didn't you take your assignment as homework?"

"I did figure to, honest I did, but when I finally finished the chores it was so late, and I was too tired to think."

"Chuck, I guess you know signing your name to someone else's poem is a form of stealing." To look Chuck squarely in the eyes now, was most painful.

CHUCK looked her squarely in the eyes when he gave his reply. "I didn't sign my name. I didn't say I wrote it. I just handed it in as an assignment, with my name in the upper left-hand corner. Teacher said if we didn't hand in a poem by morning, we would get a failing grade in English. I just have to pass. I can't stand seventh grade another year."

"When I talked to you yesterday, you said you had a peach tree growing in your yard."

"That's the truth, I have a peach tree. It's in bloom, I'll take you up there this very minute."

"That isn't necessary. I do believe you, Chuck. You must read lots of poems or you wouldn't appreciate one like the peach-tree poem."

"Oh, I like poetry all right, real poetry. I get books from the library. I read Milton's *Paradise Lost*, and I especially like Scott's

Lady of the Lake, and Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*."

No wonder this boy was bored with cat and bat rhymes. "Chuck, do you like school?"

"Well, I can't say I honestly do, Mrs. Ziebarth, though it's been lots better since you came. Those lessons bore me so much. I'm always glad to stay out and work on the farm."

"How would you like to be in high school?"

"I want to get in high school, but the teacher told me that I probably wouldn't be promoted, I didn't come enough, and didn't pay attention."

"Chuck, I think I could arrange for you to take the eighth grade examination this year. If you pass, and I'm sure you will, you could start high school in the fall. Would you like that?"

"Would I like it?" Then his face faded. "But what if I don't pass?"

"I'll tutor you this summer, and you can take the test again before school starts."

"Do you really mean it?"

"I really mean it."

"Say, you know those first little peaches from my tree, well, they're yours, Mrs. Ziebarth. They will be little peach poems of my own creation."

Lilac's Journey

Lula Walker

She cherished it like miser's gold
Across the plains through heat and cold,
As wagons wound the tortuous road;
Nor tossed it out to ease the load—
This lilac root for her new home.
She hoped to find some rich dark loam
To pamper it. Her faith was strong
Though westward trek be cruelly long,
That sometime, in her cabin room,
She'd catch the scent of lilac bloom.
Steadfast she'd hold, keep root alive
Against the day they should arrive
To set it out, this fragile thing—
Reminder of an Eastern spring.

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts From the *Woman's Exponent*, June 1, and June 15, 1899

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

QUEEN VICTORIA'S BIRTHDAY: Torrents of rain ushered in Queen Victoria's birthday. . . . Windsor, where a general holiday is being observed, was decorated with flags and the church bells were rung . . . a serenade by the Windsor and Eton choral societies was given. . . . The scene was picturesque. They all sang the national anthem . . . Finally the Eton boys gave three lusty cheers in honor of Her Majesty. . . . A pretty incident was the presentation to the queen . . . by each of her grand and great grandchildren now at the castle, of a tiny bouquet of flowers. These descendants . . . who were deeply touched, also kissed her. Her Majesty also attended the birthday service held at the chapel Royal. . . . Birthday celebrations were held throughout the provinces. The ships in the different ports were dressed for the occasion. . . .

—News Note

A WINDY DAY (IN IDAHO): The fourth of May was the day appointed for a reunion at Idaho Falls, a reunion of the Relief Society workers in the Stake. In spite of the dreadful storm that prevailed the meeting house was comfortably filled. For my part, I would have given up the idea of driving the seven miles there, but for the fact that I had promised to call for two other sisters on the way; so for that reason, and as I had my picnic all prepared, I thought I would venture, hoping that the storm would diminish before long. However, when I came within two miles of the Falls, the clouds of dust were so thick and dense that twice I could not see the horses' heads, and could not tell whether they were keeping the road or not. I do not know when I was so surprised at anything as I was to see a few young mothers with babes in their arms at that meeting. . . .

—Little Sister

AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN

Four anchors I cast out, Patience, Faith, Hope, Love!
O wisdom infinite! O light divine!
How can I feel one fluttering doubt with anchors
such as these cast out?

—L. M. H.

MRS. ADDISON PRATT, A WOMAN MISSIONARY ON HER WAY TO THE SOCIETY ISLANDS: We have music in the camp [on the Wyoming plains], two violins and a flute. Besides there are many singing birds in this country which delighted me very much. The evening was spent in singing hymns and spiritual songs. How comforting to have prayers in this lonely spot of earth! What an idle life to travel with ox teams! And yet no other would do so well on such roads. I gaze around me; see the wagons all coralled; cattle lying down at night. Scenes of other days come vividly to mind. What wandering pilgrims we have been!

—From Mrs. Pratt's Account of Her Journey

RELIEF SOCIETY CONFERENCE IN EMERY STAKE: Sister Caroline Larsen, Castle Dale, reported the society in a prosperous condition. . . . They had sixty bushels of wheat, a number of quilts and considerable carpet rags on hand. . . .

—Mrs. Stevens, Sec. *pro tem.*

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

MICHIKO SHODA, a sweet, modest, intelligent, talented Japanese girl, became the bride of Crown Prince Akihito of Japan on April 10, 1959, the only commoner to wed a royal prince in more than 2,000 years. This event has shattered other traditions: the prince chose his bride; and he married for love. (He met Michiko on the tennis courts, and lost a game and his heart to her.) Except for the ceremony, the couple wore western clothing for the wedding.

MRS. ELIZABETH GRAY VINING, of Philadelphia, who tutored Crown Prince Akihito of Japan for four years after World War II, was the only American present at the wedding.

MISS A. MYRA KEEN, Assistant Professor of Paleontology at Stanford University, is the author of *Sea Shells of Tropical West America*, dedicated to the amateur sea shell collector who wishes to identify molluscan material from the Panamic marine provine, which extends from the Gulf of California to Columbia, South America. This book is the first attempt to list and provide illustrations of most of the sea shells which occur in this large province.

LINDA BABITS, teen-age New York composer, who played her "Western Star Concerto" in Salt Lake City, Utah, at the annual Days of '47 pops concert in 1958, has presented to Salt Lake music teachers, for their courtesies to her, her latest composition, "Sego Lilies," which was inspired by her trip to Utah. Miss Babits won the John Golden award of $1,000 in New York last summer for her piano suite "Clinton Corner Delancey."

EDNA L. FURNESS and GERTRUDE A. BOYD, of the University of Wyoming, through a grant in aid from the University of Wyoming Graduate School Council, have made an interesting survey of all available material on the subject of the poor spelling of American high school graduates and college students. They have narrowed down the "spelling demons" that overthrow students most frequently to ninety-eight words. This would be a list for everybody to possess and study.

MARJORIE WORTHINGTON, in her recent biography *Miss Alcott of Concord* (Doubleday), tells the life story of the author of *Little Women*, based on the journal which Miss Alcott carefully kept from childhood.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 46 JUNE 1959 NO. 6

The 129th Annual Church Conference

THE 129th Annual Conference of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was held in the historic Tabernacle in Salt Lake City, April 4, 5, and 6, 1959, with President David O. McKay conducting all the general sessions, and with all the General Authorities present. Radiant spring weather greeted the throngs attending conference, and the messages of reassurance, hope, and spiritual advancement welcomed those who joined together in prayer and rejoicing.

The combined choruses from Brigham Young University, the Tabernacle Choir, the Choir Men's Chorus, and the Ricks College Choir furnished music for the meetings. Twenty-seven television stations and twenty radio stations throughout the Nation carried the proceedings to listeners who shared the prophetic counsel and the Spirit of our Heavenly Father.

PRESIDENT McKay recalled the anniversary of the restoration of the gospel and its meaning to all generations of mankind upon the earth:

> I think it would be well for us to have in mind the fact that one hundred and twenty-nine years ago . . . in the house of Peter Whitmer, Sr., in Fayette, Windsor County, New York, six men bowed in solemn prayer to their Heavenly Father, and proceeded in accordance with the previous commandment to organize the Church. . . . They administered the sacrament. They reported that the Spirit of the Lord was manifest in a very great degree. Some of the brethren prophesied. All praised the Lord and rejoiced exceedingly. . . . It will be well to have in mind . . . that only a little over a century has passed since those six men by revelation organized the Church.

The dominant theme of the conference was the advent of Jesus Christ and his message to the world, his gospel of righteousness and salvation, and its eternal import in the lives of all seekers after truth. Emphasis was placed upon the spiritual influence and the responsibilities of those who have accepted the gospel to live its principles and to spread its everlasting tidings of joy to the world.

In his address on Sunday, April 5th, President McKay addressed the thousands of listeners on the subject "Our Father's Glory Is in the Salvation of His Children." Our beloved President spoke of truth as "loyalty to the right as we see it. . . ."

> . . . it is courageous living of our lives in harmony with our ideals; it is always power. With the ideals of right living before him, no member of the Church can continually violate the Word of Wisdom with impunity. . . . One never develops character by yielding to wrong . . . . The mission of the Church is to proclaim the truth of the restored gospel, to uplift society that people may mingle more amicably one with another; to create in our communities a wholesome environment in which our children may find strength to resist temptation and encour-

agement to strive for cultural and spiritual attainment. It is the binding duty of leaders of youth, and particularly mothers, by example to make ineffective the influence of designing men who would make profit out of their fellows. . . . The restored gospel is a rational philosophy that teaches men how to get happiness in this life and exaltation in the life to come. The mission of the Church is to establish the kingdom of God upon the earth. . . .

PRESIDENT Stephen L Richards spoke to the question "What Does It Mean to Be a Christian?" After describing some of the essentials of a Christian life, President Richards declared: "The gospel as a power unto salvation must embrace not only all the Christlike characteristics of living, but the means essential to salvation."

I believe . . . that a careful survey of all pertinent scriptures, as well as the whole history of Christ's work among men, will demonstrate that only by the complete acceptance of the Christ as our Lord, and subscribing to all the conditions and requirements of his holy gospel, including its sacred ordinances governing induction into his kingdom, can a man fully justify a claim to the honorable distinction of being a Christian. . . . It would seem beyond question that there could not be more than one kingdom of the Lord. So the concern of all who seek Christian salvation must be: Where is that kingdom? Where is it set up in the earth that men may come to it and receive its transcendent blessings? . . . I am convinced beyond the shadow of a doubt that his gospel has been restored in its fulness with all its ordinances, and the powers authentically to administer them in these last days.

PRESIDENT J. Reuben Clark, Jr. reviewed in detail the resurrection of Jesus and the meaning of that event to mankind. President Clark spoke of those faithful men and women who were privileged to behold the resurrected Savior and hear his words of assurance and blessing. "This is Easter time," said President Clark. "The celebration of the resurrection has just passed, and sometimes there is a tendency to think that thereafter the Lord ascended and we have nothing more to do about it." In summarizing the teachings of Jesus, after his resurrection, President Clark said:

Finally, he called them together again on a mount in Galilee, the disciples, and at that time he gave them the great commission, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature. . . ." Those are the words of the Christ. Then he told them of the signs which should follow them that believed. We, brethren and sisters, are the recipients of the great blessings that attach to the work of the Last Dispensation. We are also the obligees of the great responsibilities which have been placed upon those whom God has called to lead this Last Dispensation . . . . The Lord is good to us. He is giving us direction if we will take it. I urge you to bring your thoughts back from space . . . about which we know nothing in comparison with what there is to know —and fix our minds upon the great powers and authorities which we have as members of the Priesthood, representing our Heavenly Father, endowed with a portion of his authority to work out his purposes, not ours.

At the closing session of conference, President McKay expressed his fervent hopes and prayers: "God help us to be true to our responsibility and to our callings, and especially to the responsibility we bear as fathers and mothers of the children of Zion — heaven's treasures given to us. O Father, bless those who hold this Priesthood, who have been married in accordance with thy instructions, and God help all to take advantage of this eternal blessing, that we may be united together and with thee forever. . . ."

—V. P. C.

Notes TO THE FIELD

Program for the November Fast Sunday Evening Meeting

THE special program for the Sunday evening meeting on Fast Day, November 1, 1959, "Relief Society Strengthens Testimony," has been mailed to stake and mission Relief Society presidents. We urge that these programs be distributed to the wards and branches without delay.

Hymn of the Month—Annual List

July 1959 — June 1960

The Church-wide congregational hymn singing project, inaugurated by the Church Music Committee, will be continued during the coming year, and all auxiliary organizations have been invited to participate. The purpose of this project is to increase the hymn repertoire of Church members and to place emphasis on the message of the hymns. Stake Relief Society choristers and organists are requested to give assistance at union meetings to ward choristers and organists in carrying out this project.

An analysis and story of the hymn will be printed each month in the Church Section of *The Deseret News*.

Following is a list of hymns approved for the twelve months July 1950 through June 1960:

1959			No.
July	Savior, Redeemer of My Soul	Whitney-Dean	155
August	Hail to the Brightness	Hastings-Parry	182
September	Oh Hark! A Glorious Sound Is Heard	Robinson-Asper	134
October	Welcome, Welcome Sabbath Morning	Baird-Beesley	190
November	Stars of Morning, Shout for Joy	Durham	164
December	With Wondering Awe	----------	209
1960			
January	God of Power, God of Right	Bennett-Cannon	36
February	Redeemer of Israel	Phelps-Lewis	195
March	Truth Eternal	Pratt-Schreiner	189
April	Prayer Is the Soul's Sincere Desire	Montgomery-Careless	220
May	Sing Praise to Him	Schultz	158
June	Zion Stands With Hills Surrounded	Kelly-Smyth	212

More Precious Than Rubies

More Precious Than Rubies

A VIRTUOUS young man pledges his love and fidelity to the girl of his dreams with a precious stone . . . a diamond. And the happy girl treasures the gift as she would her life, promising, in return, her own fresh, virtuous love in marriage.

The ring — with its precious gem — becomes a symbol of fidelity for the engaged couple . . . and a reminder of the priceless value of virtue in them both.

Solomon said it centuries ago: "A virtuous woman . . . her price is far above rubies. . . ." For man it is equally true.

A latter-day hymn writer composed these beautiful lines:

Cherish virtue! Cherish virtue!
God will bless the pure in heart.

Cherish — how beautiful and meaningful the word: to hold dear; to trust or keep with tenderness.

And virtue: integrity of character; uprightness of conduct; chastity.

The Prophet Mormon, in his last affectionate message to his son Moroni, called virtue and chastity "the most dear and precious of all things."

Modern prophets have reaffirmed this eternal truth.

So, young people of the Church, if you would deserve the confidence of the clean young man or young woman you someday hope to marry — if you would enjoy the fullness of happiness which belongs only to the pure in heart, be clean, be chaste.

BE HONEST WITH YOURSELF

For Grandmothers Who Baby Sit

Camilla Woodbury Judd

We must remember to keep well-filled cookie jars,
Some dough to fashion men of gingerbread;
Treasures to cuddle, eyes joy-lit with stars
For little ones who would be tender-fed.
There must be eager faces at the door
And loving arms to lift for an embrace,
A legacy of patterned story lore
And picture books to light a little face;
A game of make-believe for wee pretender,
Band-aids for wounds, a kiss for weepy eyes,
Old curtain lace to trail in gold-heeled splendor,
And rocking chairs for bedtime lullabies;
License to spoil a bit, reprove when rude —
Much patience and a prayer of gratitude.

Erratum

Magazine Honor Roll Percentages for 1958

Attention is called to the correct figures for this report:

Relief Society	Enrollment	Subscriptions No.	Subscriptions Pct.	*Magazine* Representative
San Juan Stake	564	506	90	Anne B. Porter
Weber Heights Stake	365	409	112	Virgie P. Jensen

Recipes From the Great Lakes Mission

Submitted by Vonda L. Christensen

Baked Beans

2 lbs. navy beans
1 tsp. soda
2 qts. water
2 medium-sized onions
½ c. light brown sugar
½ lb. bacon
3 tbsp. mustard
salt and pepper to taste
1 bottle catsup
1 small can tomato puree

Soak the beans in water overnight. In the morning boil them for twenty minutes in water and soda. Drain and wash the beans in cold water. Put them in a baking dish and add onions, sugar, salt, pepper, mustard, catsup, and tomato puree. Cut the bacon into small cubes and spread over the top of the bean mixture. Cover well with water and place in the oven with temperature turned to 250 degrees. Cook about six hours, adding water occasionally if beans become dry.

Icebox Pudding

1 medium-sized angel food cake

Cream Filling:

1 pt. milk
1 c. sugar
2 tbsp. cornstarch
2 eggs
½ tsp. salt
1 pt. whipping cream

Put one and one-half cups milk in kettle to boil. Add sugar, salt, and cornstarch (which have been dissolved in one-half cup cold milk) to hot milk. Beat eggs and add to mixture and cook until thick. Cut up cake. Put layer of cake on bottom of refrigerator tray, then pour filling over cake, then another layer of cake, and another layer of filling on top. Put in icebox until wanted for serving. Then whip cream and spread on top of pudding.

Rinktum Diddy

2 cans tomato soup
¼ lb. cheese
8 slices toast

Place tomato soup in kettle. Do not add water to soup. Cut cheese into soup. Cut toast into halves. Place in long, deep dish (2 inches high). Pour tomato soup over toast. Season with salt according to taste. Serve hot. Very good for lunch. Makes six servings.

Cheese Strata

12 slices bread
½ lb. cheese
4 eggs
¾ qts. milk
1 tsp. salt

Use baking dish about 10 to 12 inches long. Butter heavily. Cut crust from slices of bread. Line pan or baking dish with half slices of bread. Cut cheese in slices. Add a layer of cheese then add the bread over the cheese. Break eggs into milk, add salt, and beat lightly. Pour over bread and cheese. This must be prepared four or five hours before baking. Set in pan of water and bake forty to forty-five minutes in 350° oven.

Spanish Rice

½ lb. bacon
1 large-sized onion, chopped
4 c. boiled rice
salt and pepper to taste
1 no. 2½ can tomatoes

Cut bacon into small chunks and place in frying pan with chopped onion. Fry until light brown. Add rice, tomatoes, salt, and pepper. Put in baking dish and bake at 350° for forty-five minutes.

Scalloped Tomatoes

1 no 2½ can tomatoes
1 green pepper
1 medium-sized onion
1 c. sugar
3 or 4 slices bread
1 tbsp. butter
1 tsp. salt
¼ tsp. pepper

Put tomatoes in baking dish. Add green pepper and onion (cut up), butter, salt, sugar, and pepper. Break bread into chunks and put into tomatoes. Bake one hour in 300° oven.

Glorified Rice

4 c. cooked rice
½ c. sugar
1 small can crushed pineapple
¼ c. marshmallows cut up
1 tsp. vanilla
1 c. whipping cream

Place cooked rice in a bowl. Add sugar and marshmallows and drained pineapple. Then add cream which has been whipped until very thick. Add vanilla, and chill mixture in refrigerator. Do not freeze.

Heart of a House

Ethel Jacobson

The kitchen's the heart of a house.
The first thing in the morning
Its heavenly aromas
Are a most delightful warning
To any laggard sleepers
That blueberry buns await,
Or maybe orange muffins,
And it's risky to be late.

At lunchtime, steaming trayfuls
Are on the snack bar shelf.
And all day long the kitchen
Announces, "Help yourself!"
To any busy workers
Who want a lift, a break,
And to kiddies, fresh from classrooms,
So hungry that they ache.

Then dinner's cheery bustle
Is shared by the whole brigade.
The kitchen's the heart of a house—
To the last lone midnight raid.

Country Summer

Rodello Hunter

I couldn't say just when we first knew about the secluded little spot. We must have been very young, because my first memories include it, just as they include Beverly, with her grave practicality, and Beth, whose wild enthusiasms and rebellion against conformity added excitement to what might have been something close to a life of boredom.

Especially, I remember that one summer. Almost every afternoon the three of us would meet under the twisted oak tree. It had stood for so long that it was bent like an arthritic old woman, its branches sagged and hunched under the burden of years. Its veined and knotted roots reached out and clutched the earth for support. We had named the creek Willow Run for no other reason than that we liked the sound of the name. It gurgled past the tree, and scolded in frothy impatience a root which dared impede its determined progress.

Delightfully out of range of pursuing parental voices, we would lie on our backs and listen to the soft rush of the water and the chiding of a disturbed chipmunk in the trees above us. Thus situated, we would discuss with unvaried seriousness . . . *life.*

To the south and west, the mountains curved, mysteriously purple, ignoring with dignity the subtle attempts of cloud fluffs to caress them. To the west, within walking distance, were red ledges of sandstone, lesser in height than their eastern brothers, but none the less awesome in their brilliant pinks and reds and auburns. Farther to the south, and forming the last arc of the circle, more mountains rolled easily on their sides, incurious and uncaring, driven into sleepy aloofness by the summer haze.

Directly behind, and hidden by the upward slope of our grassy bank, was a lucerne field, and the drone of the rotating mower filled our frequent silences with comfortable rhythm.

Only the occasional slow "clip-a-clop" of a team and wagon, or the faster "clippity, clippity" of a loping horse and its unseemingly hasty rider disturbed the somnolence of the dusty road. A too-inquisitive bee would sometimes flick us into concerted movement, but this happened rarely. Tirelessly, we watched the clouds form into masses above us and then gradually vanish into trailing untidy wisps to be swiftly swept away by a neat broom of wind. We inhaled the sweetish scent of fresh-cut hay and listened to the myriad sounds which formed the country quiet.

We felt full of power and invincibility and high integrity. The ominous creeping headlines of the evening papers were just enlarged type on a background of gray newsprint, and the impending danger of death and destruction were very far away. Our world was calm and serene. We felt the hovering guardians of the mountains around the cuplike rim of the lush little valley, and we wondered at those who feared.

Bracing our backs against the tough, enduring bark of the oak tree, we watched ants scurrying up and down the vertical cracks in its trunk working in a frenzy of preparation for the coming winter. Silly ants! Winter was such a long way off! We had all the time in the world, all the never-ending, lazy time in the world.

We posed hypothetical problems and solved them with wise solemnity. We mapped our lives in exact detail and were absolutely certain of the map's accuracy. From these superior heights we shook our heads in dismay at "those who should have done, but didn't."

Even our little world could be upset, though. One night a mountain lion was discovered crouching in our old oak, and it was with trepidation that we went back, but there was no other place with quite the same aura as our "Willow Run." The ground was scuffed a bit from the trampling feet of the hunters, and there were claw marks on the oak's roughened skin, but in a few days it was the same again.

Perhaps the old tree conferred on us the sagacity of its age, or possibly it was the timelessness of those long peaceful summer days, but we were very profound . . . we were seventeen.

One of Them

Christie Lund Coles

PATRICIA steadied herself by the sink. She was tired and a little blue — not being able to do all the things she had planned for the day. She should have learned her limit, but she did not realize it until she reached the point of exhaustion.

Pulling her one crippled leg, she reached a chair and sat down. Blaine would be home, and she still had the bathtub to scour, and supper to get into the oven.

As Patricia rested, she knew her discouragement was not merely for not finishing her schedule. It was more for the feeling of strangeness in the neighborhood, how the neighbors treated her — as though she were an object of pity, not one of them . . . just because she had had polio! She clenched her fist, and noted the strength she had had once. She told herself, "You foolish girl. You're so much better."

But the words didn't help too much now. They were just words she had told herself many times. After awhile, one got tired of giving oneself pep talks. Tired of *having* to do so.

But, after a moment of resting, Patricia was ready for the potatoes and the meat loaf. If she didn't get the bathtub scoured she could do it later when she took her own bath. Blaine would understand. If he noticed it, he would even do it himself. Still, that was what she didn't want. She didn't want the other young women saying, "Her husband has to do her work for her."

Of course, she knew that many of the husbands helped with dishes at night, and even prepared meals if their wives were ill, but it was different when they didn't actually *have* to.

When the potatoes and meat were in the oven, Patricia set the timer, and, glancing up, caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror over her little desk. Her hair was slightly disheveled, and her nose more than a little shiny. And she knew it was more important that she look as pretty as possible when Blaine came home than it was that everything be done.

He was about the handsomest man on the street, big and broad and dark, with eyes that danced when he spoke, and a mouth that was made to smile. She couldn't understand how he had fallen in love with her. But he had. *He had.* He had come as a messenger of love, hope, and promise, when things had looked the most hopeless for her.

As Patricia sat at her small vanity, with the blue cretonne flounce, and the glass top, she combed her auburn hair and remembered how it had all come about.

She had met Blaine while visiting friends in Idaho. He had come to her uncle's house to see her cousin Jim, who had introduced them. She had been sitting at the piano the day Jim brought him in. Blaine couldn't tell that she was crippled then, and he had smiled at her happily, asking, "Did I hear 'Claire de Lune' coming through the window?"

"Yes," she had answered, a little

shyly, since her experience with boys had been rather limited to those of her own family.

"Would you mind playing it again? It's my favorite."

"I like it, too," she had assured him, smiling, feeling at ease with him, but wondering if the smile would change when they brought the wheel chair in (her mother was greasing it while she played), and Blaine would see that she almost had to be lifted from the bench to the chair, and wheeled about as a child.

PATRICIA'S hands—which piano playing had strengthened since she had been able to practice again—pressed harder upon the keys, then automatically slowed as the melody became pensive, gentle as moonlight falling on a summer night.

Blaine was asking, "Why didn't you tell me you had such an attractive cousin, Jim, and such a talented one?"

"I don't know," Jim answered, clumsily. "She lives in Salt Lake, you know."

"And so?" asked Blaine, his dark eyes, dancing, teasing.

"And so, if we don't get out for that tennis match, we won't get the court. Come on."

Patricia held her breath, fearing that the young man was going to ask her to go along, but he only looked down at her, to say, "I'm so glad to meet you . . . finally. See you later."

"Yes," she whispered, hearing the sound of the rubber-tired chair coming from the kitchen, almost praying that he would be gone before her mother walked in with it.

And he was. The door closed just before her mother came in, smiling her wonderful, never-failing smile.

She said, "That last melody was the best yet. You're really getting to shade and modulate so much better. I think it might do you good to take a few students in the neighborhood, as your teacher has suggested."

"Little ones," the girl added, almost bitterly.

But her mother didn't notice, she nodded, "Of course, little ones."

"I think I'd like to rest for awhile," Patricia almost whispered the words.

Her mother, sensing her mood, as she always seemed to do, smiled and made small talk as she helped Patricia into the chair, and wheeled her toward the bedroom.

That same evening, Patricia was sitting in the living room with her aunt and uncle and mother and father, when the front screen opened and she heard voices—male voices. It was Blaine and Jim. They came into the room.

Blaine's eyes immediately came across the room to her. She felt them even if she didn't exactly look at him. He was smiling, but it was different now, as he spoke, saying, "Hello, Patricia. You look so pretty with that lamplight on your hair."

"Thank you," she told him, feeling a bit resentful — as she always did when she thought people were going out of their way to be kind.

BLAINE shook hands with her father and the others and came over to her. He seemed older than he had that afternoon, more mature. And when they had all talked awhile, he suddenly faced her fam-

ily, saying, "Do you know, I don't think we use the power of the Priesthood as much as we should. I feel sure Patricia is going to get well and walk again."

As they administered to Patricia, chills went through her entire body, even into the leg which seemed so lifeless. Deep in her heart, in every fiber of her being, Patricia felt that she would walk again.

Before she left Idaho she knew that she loved Blaine with all her heart, and what was more wonderful than all, she knew that he loved her. When he said goodbye, he kissed her gently saying, "You are the most beautiful woman I have ever seen. If I had to carry you the rest of my life, I would marry you. But I won't. Keep prayerful and have faith, and someday, you will walk."

It was less than a year later that she was able to walk and they were married in the holy temple.

Her marriage had been good, and Blaine always tried to treat her as casually and normally as if she had two good legs. However, he advised, "We mustn't hide your handicap or ignore it. It is something we must live with, and accept while we are thanking God that we have each other. . . ."

Blaine didn't say anything about children, but as Patricia grew stronger she began to hope they might have a child.

Patricia finished combing her hair, hearing the children in the street playing, and a mother calling her young child in to dinner. She closed her eyes and prayed almost audibly, "Oh, Father, let me be a mother, too, let me become as one of these women who are my neighbors."

She taught their children piano lessons, and often gave them cookies and punch, and played with them. Why couldn't she become as one of the mothers?

The last hair was in place, her nose was powdered with the thinnest skiff of powder, when she heard the front door open and Blaine calling her — as he always did when he didn't see her immediately.

"Where are you, honey?" he called in his deep, happy voice, "where are you?"

"I'm in here, Blaine. Be out in a minute."

"Never mind, I'll come and get you."

It didn't take him long to come through the small house into the bedroom, where she was standing, ready to walk to him.

But she had no chance, for he was beside her, and swept her into his arms and was carrying her from the room.

HER mood extended to him. Of a sudden, she said, "You really don't have to carry me, you know."

"Oh, don't I, though?" he asked, mockingly, seeming unusually gay.

"No," she insisted, "remember, I can walk now. Not too well, perhaps, but I can walk."

He caught the caustic note in her voice and said softly, "I think any man has a right to carry his wife in his arms, especially when that wife is going to be a mother."

"What do you mean?" she asked softly. "What are you talking about?"

"I mean, my darling, that I met Doctor Sims, and he told me the news. He said there was no reason in the world why you shouldn't get

along very well. Just be a little bit careful. Oh, honey, why didn't you tell me?"

She buried her tear-wet face on his shoulder, sobbing, sobbing, "Oh, I was so afraid, afraid it couldn't be."

"Well, it could and it is. Now, just for tonight, let me put you here on the couch and serve your dinner to you. Yes?"

"Yes," she nodded, dabbing at her eyes with the inadequate hankie from her apron pocket.

The next morning she felt radiant. She was going to have a child! Her very own child. She would stir up a batch of her favorite brownie recipe, make some of her best fruit nectar, and invite her neighbors over for an afternoon of sewing and visiting. Maybe they thought she was being aloof, wanted to be alone, that she really wasn't able to take much part in things.

She called each one in turn — Carley Street, Faye Rich, Jan, Sue, all of them. Everyone accepted, some seemed surprised, others enthusiastic. That afternoon at two o'clock Patricia saw them coming down the street in groups from both directions. She felt a little pang when she saw that Ruth Marlow wasn't there, for she was one for whom she felt she could feel a real friendship.

When all the women had arrived and had insisted on helping to bring in extra chairs, they spoke of how artistically her house was decorated, and were surprised to learn she had done most of it herself. At their surprise, she told them, "It's not difficult to sew on an electric sewing machine, even if one leg won't cooperate too well."

They laughed, surprised that she spoke of it so casually, and they were off to a good visit, sewing and talking. When Patricia served the brownies they all asked for her recipe, Sue saying, "Mine never taste quite like this, yum."

They were almost ready to leave when someone remembered to tell her, "The reason Ruth didn't come, she has a sick little boy."

IT seemed she had no more than said it than the telephone rang and Patricia answered it. The frantic voice of Ruth on the other end of the wire cried, "Patricia, I know the girls are all at your place, and I'm frantic. Jimmie is so sick. He's choking and can't get his breath. Someone has to come, I can't get the doctor."

Patricia answered calmly, "Ruth, he will be all right. I'll be right over."

"Hurry," the young woman cried, "hurry!"

Patricia knew that if the others went, too, the confusion would be hard on Ruth and the child. She said, "Ruth's boy is quite sick. There's no need for all of us to rush over, it would only complicate things. I know what to do until the doctor comes. I'll go right over. One of you call for an ambulance."

Faye Rich, who was calm and matter-of-fact, said quietly, "Patricia is right. I'll go with her. You others will be called if you can do anything."

Sue cried, "But couldn't one of us go instead of Patricia, she really shouldn't. . . ."

Patricia was already at the door, starting down the steps, pulling her leg a little. She called over her shoulder, "Oh, yes, she should. I've

seen enough sickness that I don't lose my head, and I know what to do."

Once in the house, Patricia and Faye worked perfectly together as a team, Patricia telling Faye what to do.

"I think he will be all right, now," Patricia finally told them. Even as she said it, the boy stirred, tried to turn his head, and, finally, opened his eyes to see his mother and said, "Mommie. . . ."

Ruth gathered him to her, her tears falling in grateful and wonderful relief. "Oh, thank you, thank you," she whispered looking up at the two of them, "I didn't know anyone could have such wonderful friends."

Patricia breathed deeply, putting her hand on the dark head. She had called her *friend*. And she knew that forever after the two of them would be very close.

As Patricia and Faye came out of Ruth's house, they could see the other girls a little way from the house. They started toward them, but Faye stopped Patricia to say, "I'm not very good with words. But you were wonderful. And there's something I've wanted to tell you for weeks. You know the day that Kim came home from her lesson and had a copy of that song you had written called, 'Give God a Chance' mixed in with her music. . .?"

Patricia said, "Yes. . . ."

"Well, my mother had just been dead for three months, and I didn't seem to be able to get over it. I just kept grieving. Then, I read those words over and over . . . 'Give God a chance to heal your heart . . .' and so on, and they seemed written especially for me. I kept saying them over and over. Finally, I was able to pull myself out of it. I wanted you to know."

"Thank you," Patricia whispered, and she could have added, "they were written for myself," but she didn't, she merely went forward as if her leg didn't drag at all, to meet her neighbors and her friends, and tell them in confidence and wonder that she was going to have a child, that she was really going to be one of them.

Patricia knew, suddenly, that one must not only give God a chance, other people must be given a chance as well.

Blue Morning-Glories

Josie B. Bay

Oh, the glory of the morning
When morning-glories rare
Lift their heads in satisfaction
While they drink the dew-kissed air.

They are filled to overflowing,
With cups of heavenly blue,
And they say to all who listen
"Let me share my cup with you."

Green-Willow Days

Shirley Sealy

IN my home, we all enjoy free agency. My mother and father are firm believers in free agency. Not since the green-willow days have I been forced to do anything. You know what the green-willow days are, don't you? That is the time in your life when you are still too young to understand reason, and your mother uses a little green willow to help you make up your mind.

My mother used a little green willow, she explained, because it would sting nicely but would never physically injure us. In this way she was always sure of the safety of her children, if she happened to be a little overexcited when it became necessary to use the willow. I can't remember ever feeling that willow. I suppose I must have felt its sting at one time or another, or I wouldn't have had such great respect for it. But I do remember spending quite a lot of time looking at it as it sat quietly on the top of the refrigerator or the stove; and I was ever mindful of its presence.

Mother had another rule of free agency that went with that little willow. We each had to get our own. That way we could choose the size and length of the stick. Otherwise, someone else would get it for us. Of course, no one else is as careful about such things as you yourself. It worked pretty well, though, because by the time we hunted for the right size and type of willow, we usually had forgotten what it was that we didn't want to do.

My eldest brother maintains he was willowed more than all of the rest of us put together. He says that's why he turned out better. Mother was quite young then and more set on having a model child. She was always glad in years to come that she had trained him so well. He helpfully kept the rest of us in line. But, thinking back, even then, it was free agency. We could either decide to do the thing that was right, or feel the sting of the green willow. We always had our choice.

It was free agency that helped us to develop our talents. Mother was a believer in the talents. She was always so happy when we showed even the slightest interest in the arts. I remember when my sister wanted to study piano. She innocently asked, one evening, if she could study music and learn to play the piano. Mother was so enthusiastic. Within a month we had a piano, and sister Ellen was studying like mad. Ellen wanted to play the piano in the worst way, but she didn't want to practice. However, it was a matter of free agency. She could either practice her piano a reasonable time every day or stay home from her Saturday shows; and of course it just wasn't logical that she had time to visit her friends if she had no time to practice. Ellen was blessed, fortunately, with a knowledge of how to choose. She is now an accomplished pianist.

Of all the things I did at home, I hated washing dishes the worst. You know how it is; you wash and rinse, wash and rinse, the water gets greasier, and your hands get wrinkled and . . . well, you know how

it is. I could never find an end to dishes in our house. With seven children, we used a lot of dishes. I was born third in line. My eldest brother didn't think he should have to do any girls' work when he had five sisters. My eldest sister was always busy doing things like making salads for dinner, or sewing, or ironing and scrubbing. All the fun things.

Third children, especially if they are girls, should never be born. There isn't anything for them to do but wash dishes.

Once I hit upon a real gem of an idea as to how to get out of the dishes. Immediately after dinner I became very ill. Stomach pains, headache . . . the works. Mother was so thoughtful and tender, so loving and concerned. She immediately put me to bed and insisted I stay there until morning. She loved me very much and didn't want to take any chances. And she knew I wasn't feeling well by the look that came over my face when I eyed that table of dirty dishes. When I protested, she commended me for my bravery, but thought I was much too ill to get out of bed. It was free agency all the way. I could admit the deceit and do the dishes or remain silent and stay in bed.

THEN there was the time I wanted to attend a show on Sunday afternoon. A perfectly handsome dream of a boy asked me to go. It was a nice spiritual show. I thought that fact might influence Mother, so I told her that part first. She was so thrilled! Her comments were so enthusiastic you'd have thought he'd asked her to go. Her reply was full of excitement for my good fortune, and she said: "Darling, that's wonderful. I'm so happy to know you're interested in good pictures. It's nice to know you're so popular, too. Is Sunday the only day the picture is playing?"

In all truthfulness I had to tell her "No." To which Mother replied with more enthusiasm than ever: "That's extra special nice. Now, you won't have to give up all the blessings of the Sabbath Day, will you? What day is this nice young man taking you to the picture, honey?"

Again, it was free agency. I could either admit that this nice young man wasn't exactly perfectly, which I was sure he was, or let her go on believing that her sweet little daughter hadn't even thought of giving up the blessings of the Sabbath Day.

Sometimes Mother carried free agency too far. Like the time I had a baby tending job and the girls dropped by to take me skating. I thought maybe it would be all right to send my younger sister to baby tend for me, and I could go skating with the girls. My Mother's reply was in the gayest of words. "That might be nice for both of you. Susie wants a little spending money, and you want to learn to skate better. Of course," she continued just as I was beginning to feel all happy inside, "Mrs. Backman did ask for you when she called. And of course she's expecting you. She had probably planned on a big evening out, knowing she wouldn't have to worry as long as you were with her children. But you have to make up your own mind, dear. Do what you think is best. I'm sure it will be the right thing."

If she had just demanded that I stay or that I go; I could have had a delightful time arguing the point with her, but what can you do in the face of such free agency?

I'm aware that in this country we live in a democracy. It's important to learn to make wise decisions. I'm happy to relate that, due to such liberal parents, such believers in free agency, I have learned to enjoy the good things of life. I have grown up knowing that if one is to have money to spend, one must work. To give the illusion of being beautiful is a matter of style, good taste, clean living, and good health habits. To be a good hostess one must know how to cook, think of others, borrow enough chairs, make a fire, and know how to feel and look happy when one would much rather shout and throw things. To be loved one must give more love than she receives. I have a lot to do yet, I have a long way to go. But I have learned all these things following the rules of right that free agency taught me. Everything that is dear to me I owe, with gratitude, to my loving parents who are such firm believers in free agency, and to those memorable green-willow days that started me off in the right direction on a wondrous path to true happiness.

The Hummingbird

Winona Frandsen Thomas

It takes an eye that's infinite
To watch a hummingbird in flight
And see the jewels on his wings
Before he rockets out of sight.

My eyes are only finite ones.
The bird knows that. In recompense
He left off standing in the air
And rested on my wire fence.

A Handy Pincushion

Elizabeth Williamson

NEED a new pincushion for your sewing machine? Use a piece of cellulose sponge. Fasten it on the machine with Scotch tape. And why not have one in a kitchen drawer for pins and thumbtacks? Mighty handy. Saves a trip to the sewing basket when you need a pin in a hurry.

Granny Will Be Waiting

Betty Martin

AMY WILLIS poured some warm milk in the old mother cat's bowl and stood watching the cat lap up the milk hungrily. "It is a lonesome old life isn't it, Tessie, old girl?" Amy mused, half to herself and half to the cat.

Amy was a short, slender woman in her early sixties with shiny gray hair that waved softly back from her face emphasizing her gentle, delicate features. Her kindly blue eyes and her sparkling smile were evidence of her lovely countenance. All who knew Amy loved her and sought her friendship.

Yes, it is a lonesome old life, thought Amy. Now that she was at the age in life where she should be enjoying her grandchildren, she had none. Her only son had been killed during the war, and her beloved husband, Sam Willis, had been dead for four years. She had been alone in the large old house on Oak Street since that time. Her sister Clara, who was also a widow, had wanted her to come and live with her in Elmdale, fifty miles away, but Applegate was Amy's home town, and these were her people. She would be even more lonesome in Elmdale.

Amy and Sam had placed all their hopes in their son Tim, when they learned they would be unable to have any more children. The ache that filled Amy's heart was consoled by Tim. They had given him every advantage that they as loving parents could, and Tim had responded in a way befitting a son who is sincerely aware of the sacrifices that his parents are making for him. She had thought that Tim would one day marry and bring his children home to visit. . . .

Amy was jolted back to reality by the slamming of her neighbor's door. It is that little Dougie boy again, Amy thought. Honestly, that little boy is the liveliest little fellow I have ever seen. Amy had been warned about the little five-year-old (he was commonly referred to as *that wild little Jessop boy*) by some of her friends. Dougie's mother, Lillie Jessop, had been a widow for two years, and she had moved next to Amy only a week ago. Everyone sympathized with Amy, to be living so near to the Jessops.

"It isn't that Dougie isn't a smart little fellow," they told her. "It is just that Lillie won't take the time to discipline him, and he runs wild all the time."

Amy thought they were exaggerating, but within the short week Lillie Jessop and Dougie had lived there, Dougie had ripped out her prize petunias, pulled up the onions in the garden, and ripped her newspaper to shreds two mornings in a row. Amy hadn't said anything to Dougie's mother, because she believed that a person should try to get along with her neighbors. However, every time Amy heard a noise, now, she jumped. She was afraid to look outside for fear that she would discover some other mischief that Dougie had been in.

THE Jessop's back door slammed shut once more, and Amy surmised that Lillie Jessop was turning Dougie loose to do as he pleased. Maybe I shoud go see Clara, Amy thought wearily at the anticipation of putting up with Dougie's mischievous tricks. But then I just might not have a house left when I return.

Amy put the cat outside and then busied herself about the house. She always tried to keep active; she would not allow herself to indulge in self-pity. She had seen many fine people become enslaved to pity and lose their friends. Amy would not even allow her friends to pity her. She and her good friend, Mildred Carlyle, always spent one evening a week together. They would go out to dinner and a show, or they would have dinner at one or the other's home and spend the evening recalling many happy memories. Amy was very thankful for these memories and for the good life that she had had.

Naturally, she could not say that she wasn't lonely, but she felt that she must do her best to make her life rich. She did not expect to cease being lonely for her loved ones. To cease being lonely for them would be, to Amy, to forget them, and this she could never do. Her friends, her Church, and her everyday tasks, all helped to fill the gap in her life.

Amy stirred up a cake, put it in the oven to bake, and then, with renewed gusto, went about her cleaning. She had always prided herself on her ability to accomplish her household tasks in a systematic and efficient manner.

Many times when a problem was pressing her, she would find some tedious job which required considerable physical exertion and throw herself into the work with such effort that soon the problem which had been perplexing her grew fainter and fainter. Then, after finishing the work, she would find that she could think much more clearly after giving her mind a rest. She had often told her friends, after losing her husband, that there was nothing like good, hard work to help relieve the tensions that build up inside a person.

Having finished her cleaning, Amy began to ice the cake, when she heard a rap at the door. "Why, Dougie, hello there; what are you doing with the cat?"

Dougie looked up at her with twinkling blue eyes and a winning little smile that turned Amy's heart. Her son used to look at her like that, and Dougie's hair was blonde and curly as Tim's had been.

"Tessie was in the road, Mrs. Willis; I thought she would get runned over," Dougie replied as he gazed curiously into the house.

Oh my, Amy thought, the little rascal just wants to come in and look around. But then he is just a little boy. Amy opened the door.

"Thank you so much for bringing Tessie back. I surely wouldn't want anything to happen to her. You're a good little boy, Dougie. I guess that I should have you tend Tessie for me, shouldn't I?"

Dougie looked past Amy to the table where she had been icing the cake. "Mommy never bakes cakes," Dougie said with his blue eyes twinkling again.

"Why, Dougie, would you like to clean out the frosting bowl after I

finish icing the cake? Then, I'll cut you a piece of cake, and you can have a glass of milk, okay?"

AMY recalled how Tim had always loved to climb up on the old stool and watch her ice a cake. Chocolate cake had been his favorite.

"Chocolate cake is my favorite, Mrs. Willis," Dougie said, intruding into Amy's thoughts, as he climbed up on the stool by the table. He chatted to Amy about his pet bird, the fact that his Daddy was never coming home any more, and many things which Amy doubted very much that Lillie Jessop would want to be known. Amy couldn't help but smile at herself. If only adults could be as honest and outright as a little child, the world would be a much more pleasant place in which to live.

It was so pleasant to have Dougie with her that Amy dreaded to send the little boy home. She would have enjoyed having him spend the day with her so much. "Maybe you had better go home now, Dougie; your Mommy will be worried about you." She helped the little fellow down from the stool and watched him walk assuredly to his home.

After Amy had had her lunch she decided to lie down for a few minutes, and when she awoke and went out into the living room, there lying on the couch with Tessie in his arms, both sleeping peacefully, was Dougie. He stirred slightly, opened his eyes and smiled at Amy. "I was tending Tessie for you," he said.

Amy smiled back at Dougie and sat down on the couch beside him.

Without warning Dougie suddenly threw his arms about her, saying, "I love you Mrs. Willis, and I want you for my Granny."

Tears of happiness welled up in Amy's eyes as she gently held the little boy in her arms. "Of course, I'll be your Granny, Dougie. Now we had better take you home."

"Okay, Granny, but I'll come back tomorrow," Dougie assured her as he marched triumphantly out of the house, stopping only long enough to give Tessie an affectionate pat.

Amy had never been happier, as she followed Dougie to the door. "Yes, Dougie, you come back tomorrow; Granny will be waiting."

People passing through Applegate would consider it a typical small town, that is, if they bothered to consider it at all. To Amy Willis, however, it was her town and her people. And Dougie, she thought, had called her Granny!

Erratum

RECIPE FOR BOILED RAISIN CAKE

In the recipe for Boiled Raisin Cake, page 176, *The Relief Society Magazine*, March 1959, the amount of flour should be 2½ cups instead of ½ cup as printed.

The Ladder of Love

Margaret Russell

I AM a mother. I have a daughter. A little girl with a round head and a fuzz of hair and a mouth and nose and a blue-black stare. I can see Calvin in her forehead and cheek bones, but her chin is mine.

And I become for a moment a Biblical cup, overflowing with awe and wonder and a welling, swelling sense of fulfillment.

And I turn my head that the other mothers may not see and desecrate my emotion. . . .

I remember a doll I loved as a child, a hairless, armless creature that I washed and dressed and wrapped in a blanket and held, at mealtimes, to my breast.

And I remember my cat Timothy. I remember the warmth of him as he lay in my lap, the throb and arch of his body when my hand moved along his back. And I remember lifting him to my face and looking long and searchingly into his eyes, seeking for I knew not what.

And I remember standing within the circle of my mother's arms with the grass at my feet and the sky overhead, and trying to purr.

And I remember the wild excitement of being flung high into the air by my father and the joy of being held close afterward.

And I think of the dearness of Calvin and the vital, pouring warmth that we share.

I turn again to my daughter. And touch a tiny, translucent finger. And experience a new kind of love. A sort of apotheosis of the feeling I have for Calvin when he is tired or discouraged. And I know we have created something very precious, Calvin and I. Something to cherish and love and care for. A daughter . . . a daughter . . . a daughter. . . .

The nurse says, "I must take her back now, Mrs. Davis."

And I cry, "Oh, please! Please no! Not yet. . . ."

But she smiles and reaches out purposefully. So I drop a kiss on the Calvin-like forehead and let the little fingers curl around one of my big ones until they are pulled away.

And the room is quiet and relaxed and peaceful.

I sleep in a crystal pool of happiness.

* * * * *

SOMEONE takes my hand, and I know before I open my eyes that it is Calvin, and that he is sad.

And my crystal pool of happiness is roiled by a stick of foreboding.

"The baby!" I whisper, while my heart pounds. "The baby. . . ."

Calvin's face is twisted, the doctor's grim. They push my bed out of the room and down the hall to another, smaller room. And they tell me that the baby is dead, that the few minutes I had with her are all I will ever have.

And I reject their words. With all the strength of my being I reject them. I turn myself into a hard little ball that nothing can penetrate.

Because I am a mother, and I have a daughter. A sweet, living baby whose tiny, delicate hands are going to grow plump and dimpled.

And dig dirt. And grip a pencil. And accept a diploma. And wear a ring.

I hear Calvin weeping, and I reject that, too.

Let him cry. Let him be hurt. Let him suffer alone.

Because I cannot comfort him without acknowledging a horror that cannot, must not be.

I squeeze my eyes shut, seeking blackness, oblivion. But instead I see again my armless, hairless doll; my sleek, throbbing Timothy; my parents; my husband; my child. And love stirs within me and will not be denied.

I hold out my arms to Calvin and to grief.

And as he buries his head on my shoulder I know that this, too, is fulfillment.

A Challenge to Mothers

Leona Fetzer Wintch

SELF-fulfillment, the very core of life, is realized as we give of ourselves. It answers the question asked since the days of Eve, "What do you want out of life?" I can hear our Church leaders say, "Women make their greatest contribution to the Church and the nation, as mothers and teachers." Making this contribution also brings the self-fulfillment we seek, if we work with skill and knowledge, and dedicate ourselves to the lofty calling of motherhood.

This requires more than part time, rushed care of children. When Karl G. Maeser said, "Don't be a scrub," he meant, "Don't be mediocre. This is a time for greatness." But how can our children ultimately find their way to do great things, without the constant tutelage of their mothers?

When many mothers leave small children to work for added earnings and satisfactions, not because of necessity, we need to ask another pertinent question, "What are the basic needs of children?" In supplying more wants, children are often encumbered by more "things." When we make it too soft for them, their strength and struggle fade, and we defeat ourselves. No matter how elegantly children are dressed or how luxurious the rugs are in the home, personalities and character will not grow and flourish without a healthful climate in the home which meets these basic needs: Children need to love and to be loved. They need to belong to a family and to friendship groups, because the feeling of being alone withers and warps human beings. They need security, protection, and stability. They need to do at least some things well, and receive praise and approval. They need new experiences, and fun.

Children should be taught early and often all we know of the right way of life, and they should be helped to find this pathway. In all these matters we find direction in a knowledge of the gospel, which some have called a map of the spirit. This is something for which we cannot phone to the corner store for delivery, nor will it materialize over the bridge table or the best seller. It is found in the continued quest for wisdom, in prayer, in temples, in classrooms, in association and conversation with the Lord's people, and in living the commandments. With this spiritual map, we envisage the unbounded possibilities of the human spirit.

As mothers, we have the prime privilege of arousing in our children a thirst for truth. While it is a privilege, it is also our duty to teach them to seek and love the everlasting things. Even in early life, they should know some of the fundamental truths about which there is no equivocation: that God lives, and that he loves his children, that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; that he is our Savior, and became the

first fruits of the resurrection; that we, too, will be resurrected; that our good deeds will be rewarded, and that we will have to account for evil doing; that we had an antemortal existence; that Joseph Smith was a prophet of God, and that he saw the Father and the Son, and was directed to restore the gospel in its fulness; that the Decalogue is as efficacious now as when given to ancient Israel, that the heavens are open, and that our progression is eternal.*

When we inspire our children to pursue truth, we help them prepare themselves to give something worthwhile to the world, and to give of themselves. The Master's teachings are pervaded with the spirit of "It is more blessed to give than to receive." It is the antithesis of, "What, and how much can I get out of the world?" Or, "How can I bring friends and importance to myself?" But it says, "What can I give to the world?"

If space-age educational demands are met, schools will have to return to the home some of its functions. Mothers must help in the planning of a better world. Good and great men have always built upon the foundations laid in the home. For those of us with small children, our path is clear. Mothers, whose children are married, can devote thought and time to grandchildren, to little neighbors, or to other children who come "under the wing."

To have the capacity to arouse in our children a thirst for truth, is a high achievement. It is no mean task, and it does not fit into the doldrums found at some firesides. It requires divine aid and straight thinking. It challenges our courage, faith, vision, resourcefulness, persistence, and multitudes of virtues. But on the way, and in the end, it brings self-fulfillment, and the good life, too.

*Note: For a comprehensive treatise on ultimate truths, see "B.Y.U. Inaugurates New President," Church Section, *Deseret News*, November 17, 1945, Charge given new President, by President J. Reuben Clark Jr.

If This Is Peace

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

So this is peace, reclining on a hill
In oakbrush shadows, coolness summer-kissed;
Feeling the pendulum of time distil
Pure crystal moments in a golden mist;
Watching an ant bring home its housefly load
Through forest trails of drying Jimson weeds,
Counting the cirrus cars on azure roads,
Gathering clover balls and mallow seeds.
While far away there wags an anxious world
With hearts too eager and with hands afraid,
The whispered tenderness, the hot word hurled
Against a cord too tough, the too-thin blade.
No battle rages here and no offense.
If this is peace, peace is indifference.

Hal Rumel

DECORATIVE ARRANGEMENT BY FLORENCE C. WILLIAMS

The Wedding-Ring Tree

Helen S. Williams

HOW often have we wished for a new and novel idea for an announcement party for a *bride-to-be.*

With a piece of scrub oak set in a round wooden base and sprayed with white enamel, Florence Williams made a lovely wedding-ring tree. For just such a party she fastened golden curtain rings, finger

size, tied with pale pink satin ribbons to all the branches of the tree. Each ring hung from a bow knot with streamers about three inches in length.

For place cards she tied a golden ring to a white folded card with a pink bow and wrote the name of the guest in gold ink. Every guest at the party went home wearing her golden wedding band as a souvenir.

At the side of the wedding ring tree, Florence placed one of her beautiful flower trees. These can be made with any kind of artificial flowers and are lovely on tables or mantels or to use for centerpieces for parties, for they can be made any size and of any color.

The stem is a dowel which can be bought at any carpenter shop. It should be in proportion to the pot and the flower ball. For example, a six-inch ball of styrafoam would take a one-fourth to one-half inch dowel stem, a nine-inch plasta-foam ball would require a one-inch dowel. The dowel is set in a pot of plaster of Paris and is painted any color to harmonize with the flowers used.

The flower tree pictured is a white dowel and the styrafoam ball is covered with tiny white velvet blossoms.

The dowel or stem is wound with small green leaves that have been wired with fine florist wire around it. These flower trees are beautiful made of roses or any other kinds of flowers. Florence has two large-size ones standing on her mantle. She calls them her rose trees, and they are made in shades of pink in satin and velvet artificial roses.

The flowers are held in place with pins stuck through them into the styrafoam and the flowers must be close enough completely to cover the ball.

At this announcement party Florence presented the white velvet flower tree to the guest of honor as her announcement gift. Nothing could be lovelier or more bride-like as a reminder of the wonderful time she had on this her special day when the announcement was made that she was a bride-to-be.

So Thought Unfolds

Maude Rubin

As cereus petals open in the night,
So thought unfolds in solitude and peace;
Its flowering need not wait the early flight
Of morning larks — but, held in quiet's lease,
Its fragile beauty, opening serene
And pure as alabaster, soft as dove,
Illumes the problem darkness with a sheen
Gentle as whispered prayer, as bright as love!

CARLOTA DE YALIBAT

Carlota de Yalibat's Unique Hobbies

CARLOTA de Yalibat, Coban, Guatemala, embroiders unusually beautiful blouses in designs native to her country. The blouse Mrs. de Yalibat is wearing in the picture is made of white material woven on a hand loom by the women of her community. The border on the sleeves and around the neck is the work of Mrs. de Yalibat. The embroidery is done with rayon floss in vivid colors on a design of violets, orchids, butterflies, peacocks, and other motifs. In her hand Mrs. de Yalibat holds another example of her unique hobbies — a Christmas greeting made of straw matting on which are sewed Indian figures, Christmas trees, poinsettias, and other designs made of cloth.

Another hobby in which Mrs. de Yalibat excels is the growing of numerous potted plants. Shown in the picture are various potted succulents and some lovely orchids. Mrs. de Yalibat, mother of four daughters, is president of the Coban Branch Relief Society, Guatemala, Central America.

Heritage

Viola A. Cornwall

Roots anchored well in love
Will leave the spirit free
To soar above the commonplace
And grow eternally.

The Silver Leash

Chapter 6

Beatrice Rordame Parsons

Synopsis: LaRue Harding, an orphan, who has lived since childhood in California with an aunt, goes to Fivelakes, Arizona, after the death of her sister Amelia. She tries to help and encourage her brother-in-law Herbert Vetterly, who is confined to a wheel chair. His children gradually come to accept LaRue as a friend and as a member of the family. She meets Dr. Alan Rutherford, a surgeon at the Jonas Harding Hospital, and his fiancee Gladys Drew. "Grandie," Dr. Rutherford's grandfather, takes a liking to LaRue.

WITHIN three weeks after his operation, Herb had taken one or two shaky steps. Dr. Alan and Dr. Frame were pleased. Dr. Alan told LaRue: "Time, and Herb's own desire to be on his feet, will complete the cure. The operation is a success."

LaRue was grateful. She had not been as happy since she came to Fivelakes. The children insisted she go to the hospital with them at visiting hours. Watching them with Herb made her heart glow happily. They had grown so close to their father.

Each time they went, Dr. Alan came to the room for a chat. LaRue had seen him daily, and she had grown to like and admire him very much. He was a fine doctor, a fine man.

"I don't have to ask how you feel, Herb," he said teasingly. He stood there, tall, handsome, in spotless white, a stethoscope draped about his neck.

"Like a million!" cried Herb. "A million, million!" Herb had changed so much. His laughter came more easily. He made a place for Connie on the bed beside him.

Erma said in a grown-up voice, "We're having a time keeping him in bed, Dr. Alan. If he had his way he'd be out there on the lawn, romping with Atlast!"

Herb's grin was wide. "Why not? I have Atlast to thank for a lot of things."

Connie, quick to defend her pet, cried soberly: "Daddy, Atlast didn't mean it. He just didn't behave very well, I guess."

Herb patted her hand. "Of course he didn't mean it, darling."

"He did us all a good turn," said Joel, and the glance he gave his father was man-to-man.

Connie looked serious. "We have Atlast to thank. And Dr. Alan. And Dr. Frame. And the nurses, and everyone!" She stared thoughtfully at the white bedspread, and added quietly: "LaRue, God did hear our prayers. He did give us what was best for us."

A short while ago, LaRue knew, Erma and Joel would have scoffed at Connie's childish thoughts. But now they only gathered closer to their father's bed, and LaRue knew that unshed tears of thankfulness were burning close to their lashes.

Dr. Alan went to the door and spoke over his shoulder in a light, yet authoritative tone, "Mr. Vetterly, you listen to those children.

They know what's good for you. When they decide that you are well enough to romp with Atlast, they can ask my advice and maybe . . . just maybe, I'll let you out on the lawn." He added under his breath, so LaRue could hear: "They are pretty nice people."

LaRue nodded, her eyes shamelessly damp. "I think so," she whispered, knowing how much they had come to mean to her.

"They get their niceness from their mother," said Dr. Alan very softly.

Herb who caught the words, smiled tenderly. "Amelia was a wonderful person," he said. It was the first time, LaRue realized, that he had spoken his wife's name without a painful pause. But they could all feel Amelia's influence among them, warm, affectionate, real. She had given her love to Herb, and to her children, her sweet, enduring love. Now the children were sharing that love with their father. He had lost Amelia, but he had not lost her love.

LaRue knew, as they sat there listening to their father's little jokes about his "plaster jacket," that it was good for them to laugh. It would be a long time before Herb would be entirely well.

But the children faced that knowledge without fear. It was enough for them to know that their father had found the promise of a good, full, busy life. They were content.

When the nurse came to shoo them out because visiting hours were over, they left the hospital and strolled slowly home through the beautiful summer afternoon.

LaRue remarked about how many times she had walked by herself, frightened, lonely, very much alone.

Connie, skipping along at LaRue's side, caught at her hand. "Poor Auntie LaRue!"

Erma said, shyly: "We didn't treat you very well, did we?"

LaRue wouldn't agree to that. "Perhaps some of it was my own fault. I felt awkward. . . ."

"No," said Erma decisively, "we were horrible to you." She thought a moment, then said: "I'm sure neither Joel nor I understood just why we wanted to hurt you. Perhaps it was in retaliation for the way we'd been hurt in losing our mother. And our father!"

LaRue put her arm about Erma's waist, and drew her close. "Let's not think about that," she suggested softly. She turned the conversation as they came to the knoll upon which Hillhigh House raised its fine, old head.

She knew that they all had a terrible mental picture of Herb's chair racing down the slope. To dispel it, she cried, "I'm sure the old house is lonely. Shall we go up and pay a call?"

The children took her suggestion eagerly, laughing at the idea that a house could be lonely. They climbed quickly to the brick patio and looked across the valley to Blue Lake.

The opening of the Founding Festival was drawing near. The scene below them was one of excitement and gaiety. The peppermint-striped tents were gay with banners. The framework for the fireworks made the little island seem populated by odd little houses.

LARUE drew in her breath, remembering how she had

promised herself that she would be back in San Francisco long before the fireworks scattered their fiery stars to the heavens. Yet she was reluctant to leave. She thought of herself as a queer, vacillating person. A person who could not make up her mind! Now that Herb was getting better, she was free to go. All she had to do was repack her suitcases and buy a ticket. Yet she couldn't make up her mind.

As usual, Grandie was sitting on the front porch of the house, letting the cooling breeze drift through his snow-white hair. He was pleased to see them, and showed them a paper-wrapped packet which he had brought along.

"Now, maybe," he declared as he unwrapped his bundle, "the old house will sell!" It was a large, shining black and gold sign with the letters FOR SALE printed plainly upon it.

LaRue looked approvingly around. Eddie and Joel had cut the weeds, mowed the lawn, and raked up the willow leaves which had carpeted Connie's and Janice's playhouse. It was certainly a vast improvement. When Joel took the hammer which Grandie had brought with him to remove the old sign and hang the new one, Erma spoke wistfully.

"It seems a shame to see the old place go to strangers. I wish Daddy was rich. Then I'd ask him to buy it and . . . well, maybe we could restore it, and . . . and make it into a museum or something."

Connie's brown braids bounced excitedly as she cried: "Tourists would pay to see it, especially if it was fixed like the good old times!"

The old man beamed. "I'd like to see the old house as it was. Yes, Joel, it was a good way of life. Yet today is the good life. Tomorrow, too, will be good, if we keep on building." His eyes were mellowed with memories as he looked at the old house. All at once, he took the sign from Joel's hands and said: "This house belongs to Fivelakes!"

"Sort of community property," agreed Joel smiling.

"Belongs to all of us," added Connie brightly.

Joel's face fell. "It will take a lot of fixing up."

For the first time, LaRue found her voice, yet she was scarcely aware that she was saying, "I could help! I've got a little money in the bank. I'd like you to let me share in. . . ."

"Why, Aunt LaRue!" Connie's eyes were wide, astonished. "You're going back to San Francisco!"

Before LaRue could speak, Erma put her arm about her aunt's waist, and said: "No matter where Aunt LaRue lives, she'll remember this old house. She loves it, now, just as Mother used to love it." She was silent for a long moment, then she said: "Maybe others will want to contribute. . . ."

Grandie interrupted: "I'll see that there's plenty of money."

Joel shook his head. "People will want to have a part in this. They'll want to preserve the history of Fivelakes."

Grandie knew he was right. He said quietly: "I'll do my part. At least, I can help with the humps and bumps."

Connie, who was actually learning to be silent when others were speaking, waited until his words had died away. Then she said, "We could put up one of those . . . those . . . ."

"Plaques!" interjected Erma informatively.

"One of those plaques," finished Connie patiently, "with a name on it."

"Hillhigh House!" said Joel, experimentally.

"The Harding Museum," said LaRue thoughtfully.

ERMA'S face was lighted with a lovely, inner glow. Her lips curved tenderly as she suggested: "The Amelia Museum."

The name was what they had been seeking. They were delighted. LaRue whispered, almost to herself, "Amelia would be so proud."

They stood there as the sun crept slowly over the edge of the knoll, bathing the old house in golden light. The dormer windows glowed like smiling eyes.

Erma, already busy with plans, said: "Grandie, you'll have to tell us just how the old house looked when you were a little boy. Just what kind of wallpaper they used, just what. . . ."

"I can do better than that," stated the old man proudly. "I can show you pictures. Those trunks in the attic are filled with scrapbooks. There are bits of wallpaper, swatches of material. There are letters. Clothes. A thousand little things to tell the story of Hillhigh House."

Connie clapped her hands and wanted to go immediately to the attic to look. But the sun was almost out of sight, and it was time for dinner. They walked Grandie to his red-brick cottage and then went on to the white bungalow with the maroon trim.

LaRue listened to the chattering that went on about her as they strolled along. She had never seen more enthusiastic people. Once Erma said: "Daddy can be the architect. I'm sure he'll be glad to get back to his drawing board."

"But," said Joel, blankly, "we're not going to rebuild the old house. Just restore it."

Erma was not impatient. She spoke quietly, as they turned into their own walk.

"There have been a lot of changes in the old house during almost a hundred years, Joel. People tore out walls, put new ones in. But we want the house to look exactly as it did so long ago."

Joel nodded and opened the door.

As LaRue followed the children inside, she felt a little sad. It would be a long time before the Amelia Museum would be ready.

She found herself wishing that she didn't have to go back to San Francisco. Once she had thought of the neat apartment there, as a refuge. But she had no need of hiding, now. Her fears were gone. The apartment seemed as distant as the stars. Almost a part of another world.

I'd like to stay until the house is finished, she thought, wistfully. Then remembered her position in the bank. Her leave of absence was up shortly after the Founding Festival. She must go back to her job.

I don't really belong here, she told herself. I'm no longer needed. Amelia's family is all right. Their future is bright. As soon as Herb can get along without me, I'll go back. . . .

She had meant to finish the sentence with the word *home*. But she did not say it. It was hard to think of any place in the world, except Fivelakes, as home!

(*To be continued*)

NOTES FROM THE FIELD

Hulda Parker, General Secretary-Treasurer

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the *Magazine* for January 1958, page 47, and in the Relief Society *Handbook of Instructions.*

RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES

Photograph submitted by Margaret W. Clarke

EAST LOS ANGELES STAKE (CALIFORNIA) ANNIVERSARY SOCIAL AND VISITING TEACHERS CONVENTION, March 17, 1959

Left to right: Lilly Davis, stake visiting teacher leader; Doris C. Echols, chorister; Flora B. Hansen, organist; Margaret W. Clarke, President; Genevive Anderson, former president, East Los Angeles Stake Relief Society; Ruby Choate, former president, East Los Angeles Stake Relief Society; Ruth H. Brown, Second Counselor; Rea Jorgensen, First Counselor.

Sister Clarke reports: "Tuesday, March 17, 1959, the East Los Angeles Stake Relief Society presented a special anniversary party and visiting teachers convention. All past and present ward and stake Relief Society presidents were honored. Each of them was presented with a corsage and a pen engraved with the words: 'Relief Society Anniversary, March 17, 1959.' A seventy-two voice Singing Mothers chorus from the twelve wards in the stake sang beautifully and helped to make the presentation 'A Light Shining' one of the finest programs ever presented. Lilly Davis, visiting teacher message leader, directed the presentation. Doris C. Echols directed the chorus, which was accompanied by stake organist Flora B. Hansen. As the sisters entered the room, they beheld a large and beautiful reproduction of the Relief Society emblem, made by Counselor Rea Jorgensen. To the right were four large tables beautifully decorated with flowers and decorated cakes, commemorating the 117th anniversary of the organization of Relief Society. From these tables, following the program, approximately 750 sisters were served a lovely buffet luncheon under the direction of Second Counselor Ruth H. Brown." Since this photograph was taken East Los Angeles Stake has been divided and the new Whittier Stake formed. Rea Jorgensen is president of Whittier Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Lily D. Kama

OAHU STAKE (HAWAII) RELIEF SOCIETY CONVENTION
January 31, 1958

Left to right: Marion Pokipola, First Counselor, Oahu Stake Relief Society; Elizabeth Keawe, Secretary-Treasurer; Victoria Kamakaokalani, Second Counselor; General President of Relief Society Belle S. Spafford; First Counselor Marianne C. Sharp; President Oahu Stake Relief Society Lily D. Kama.

Photograph submitted by Edith C. Bennett

SHARON STAKE (UTAH), OREM TWELFTH WARD RELIEF SOCIETY BIRTHDAY PARTY, March 17, 1959

Seated, left to right: Bernice Young as Sarah M. Cleveland; Thaola Tucker as Emma Smith; Bula Swenson as Elizabeth Ann Whitney; Robert Oliphant as John Taylor; Floyd Johnson as the Prophet Joseph Smith; Rulon Craven as Willard Rich-

ards; Dixie James as Elvira A. Coles; Dorothy Weight as Eliza R. Snow; Hanna Johnson as Phebe M. Wheeler.

Standing, left to right: Angie Warner as Phebe Ann Hawkes; Helen Peery as Sophia R. Marks; Essie Howard as Desdemona Fulmer; Isabell Watters as Sophia Packard; Druceal Oliphant as Sophia Robinson; Beth Smith as Martha Knight; Emma Bown, director; Lavern Sheeley as Margaret A. Cook; Joyce Bown, a singer; Ruth Carruth as Philinda Merrick; Cleo Webb as Leonora Taylor; Veneese Woffinden as Sarah M. Kimball; Luela Edholms as Elizabeth Jones; Matelda Elliott as Bathsheba W. Smith.

Edith C. Bennett, President, Sharon Stake Relief Society, reports: "This picture was taken at the Orem Twelfth Ward Relief Society March 17th birthday party. It was so very charming that we had it presented as the opening exercises in our union meeting which was held the same week. The script was written by one of the Twelfth Ward Relief Society members, Emma Bown. It depicted the organization of the Relief Society."

Photograph submitted by Jane Larson

GRAND COULEE STAKE (WASHINGTON), MOSES LAKE WARD VISITING TEACHERS RETAIN HIGH RECORD AND MAKE OUTSTANDING ACCOMPLISHMENTS

Ward Relief Society officers, standing, back row, beginning eighth from the left: Secretary Agnus Goodrich; First Counselor Marlyn Stevens; Second Counselor Ardith Baker; work meeting leader Fern Zirker.

Beatrice Merrill, President, Moses Lake Ward Relief Society, was absent when the picture was taken.

Jane Larson, President, Grand Coulee Stake Relief Society, reports: "These visiting teachers, who have achieved a one hundred per cent teaching record for the past three years, made quilts for the annual ward bazaar held in October 1958. Each of the twenty-four districts was responsible for making a top for one quilt and quilting it. The linings and the fillings were furnished by the Relief Society. Thirty-seven quilts were made and turned in to the bazaar, and all were sold. The project was to assist in raising funds for the new Grand Coulee stake and ward house. Proceeds from the sale of the quilts went into the building fund."

Photograph submitted by Vonda L. Christensen

GREAT LAKES MISSION, NORTH OHIO DISTRICT SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR DISTRICT CONFERENCE

Front row, left to right: Bonnie Dalton; Velma Capener; Faye Connell; Vera Stouffer; Margaret Wallis; Delma Stonely; Margaret Denton, pianist; Helen Ray; Naomi Snow, chorister.

Second row, left to right: Delphia Jean Winters; Martha Starker; Lillian Jarrett; Phyllis Walker; Katherine Edwards; Barbara Patton; Marilyn Morrison; Mary Lynn Baer; Carol Richenbach; Arlene Walsh; Marie Grose.

Back row, left to right: Ruth Laney; Rebecca Miller; Fleta Wilson; Barbara Pont; Geraldine Squire; Pat Behrend.

Vonda L. Christensen is president of the Great Lakes Mission Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Madge Christensen

NEBO STAKE (UTAH) VISITING TEACHERS HONORED AT SOCIAL
February 21, 1959

Front row, left to right: Ruth Lyman; Fredrica Wyler; Estella Jensen; Stena Daniels; Leah Waters; Ella Sabin; Minerva Mayers.

Second row, left to right: Flora Reynolds; Susan Ashby; Eva Crook; Alice Hill; Adelia Dixon; Geneva Wilson; Lillie Mitchell.

Third row, left to right: Pamilia Mayer; Laura Elmer; Leilia Beck; Ruby Richardson; Geneva Sullivan; Ella Cowan.

Fourth row, standing, left to right: Laura Cloward; Ella Anderson; Vera Francom; Minnie De Pew; Rebecca Twede; Tessie Drissel.

Madge Christensen, President, Nebo Stake Relief Society, reports: "The feature entertainment was the dramatic presentation called 'A Light Shining.' Assisting in this part of the program were: Rebecca Twede, Hazel Baird, Priscilla Baird, Madeline Minnick, Gladys Clayson, Olea White, and Faye Elmer. Floral decorations and table settings carried out the Relief Society colors of blue and gold. Carnations were presented to those women who have served thirty-five years or more as visiting teachers. The stake board furnished special music for the program and served refreshments. All arrangements were under the direction of our visiting teacher message leader Phyllis Moon."

Photograph submitted by Hope S. Beus

RIGBY STAKE RELIEF SOCIETY, RIGBY FIFTH WARD PRESENTS "SOME PURITAN WOMEN" AS JANUARY LITERATURE LESSON

Seated, left to right: Donna Harwood, Secretary; Agnes Poulsen, Counselor; Vonda Rising, President; Pearl Eckersell, Counselor; June Bishop.

Standing, left to right: Arberella Adams, literature leader; Donetta George; Katheryn Warner; Pauline Jones; Phyllis Wood as Mary Rowlandson; Elva Schuppenies as Sarah Kemble Knight; Stella Brossard as Anne Bradstreet; Lettie Call as Anne Hutchinson.

Hope S. Beus, President, Rigby Stake Relief Society, reports: "Some Puritan Women' was the literature lesson for January which called forth this picture of participants and ward officers in the Rigby Fifth Ward. In addition to costumed characters and officers, there are shown those who assisted with narration, music, and quotations. The table holds heirlooms representing American culture of an early day. The picture holds added interest for the members of Rigby Stake because it includes Lettie Call and Stella Brossard, two veterans in Relief Society work. Sister Call served six years as counselor to Elizabeth Hart in the stake Relief Society, and twelve years as president. She has completed twenty-two years of visiting teaching. Sister Brossard was a member of Rigby Stake Relief Society Board for a total of twenty-seven years, serving with three presidents. For twenty-one years she served as secretary. She has also worked in ward positions. Both women are known and loved throughout the stake. Their love for Relief Society has never lagged, as witnessed by the fact that at the age of seventy-nine years (for both) they still express an active interest."

Photograph submitted by Vida P. Bennett

FLORIDA STAKE HONORS FORMER RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENTS AT MARCH 17th ANNIVERSARY OBSERVANCE

Left to right: Hazel C. Coleman, Secretary, Florida Stake Relief Society; Ruth Boone, Second Counselor; Effie Meeks, former president, Florida Stake Relief Society; Vida P. Bennett, President, Florida Stake Relief Society; Alzada Chase, First Counselor.

Sister Bennett reports: "Our president and her counselors paid tribute to each of the three former presidents at a luncheon March 17th. Only one former president was able to attend the observance; the other two were ill at the time. This anniversary observance was a lovely stake affair, and the program was very inspiring. . . . Beautiful musical numbers were featured. The four-tier birthday cake was decorated with china sea gulls and topped with a china pioneer woman. Over 100 sisters enjoyed this anniversary, and we were honored to have the stake presidency in attendance."

Photograph submitted by Cora S. Hogan

IDAHO STAKE RELIEF SOCIETY RETIRING PRESIDENCY HONORED AT SOCIAL FOLLOWING TWELVE YEARS OF INSPIRATIONAL SERVICE

Left to right: Zina H. Balls, First Counselor; Elizabeth W. Hatch, President; Myrtle E. Call, Second Counselor.

Cora S. Hogan, newly appointed President, Idaho Stake Relief Society, reports:

"These sisters have an outstanding record of Relief Society service. Sister Balls served seven years as a ward counselor, six years as ward organist, four years as a Relief Society class leader, and twenty-five years as a visiting teacher. Sister Hatch was a ward Relief Society secretary-treasurer six years, a class leader ten years, stake secretary-treasurer twelve years, and a visiting teacher for fourteen years, making one hundred per cent visits, before her twelve years as stake Relief Society president. Sister Call worked as a ward Relief Society counselor for two years, and was a visiting teacher for seventeen years, with a record of one hundred per cent visits, before she became a stake officer in 1946. A social was held in honor of these sisters, with an attendance of about two hundred. The retiring presidency and five board members were each presented with a book as a token of love and esteem for their many years of devoted leadership."

The Pansy-Picker

Vernessa M. Nagle

IN our little town we have a Mary and a Martha. But what town doesn't have? From each I have garnered wisdom, a degree of tolerance and patience, lessons in community service, and faithfulness to the teachings of the gospel, and from one, a smattering of humor.

But the philosophies of our Mary and our Martha are in such sharp contrast that I am frequently challenged in my interpretation of the antitheses of their idealogies.

Our Martha is efficiency personified. She prides herself on the whiteness of her wash. Hers is the first to appear on the clothesline come Monday morning. Her home is immaculate; her children attired with perfection of detail. She is neighborly and kindly, but occasionally a bit critical of the less efficient. Yet her disciplined mode of life does not get in the way of her thoughtfulness in time of sorrow and her awareness of the unfortunate about her.

Our Mary has been known to hang a wash on the line at a most unorthodox hour. Her home shows signs of family living, but there is a solidarity of the group that is heart-warming. She was once discovered, to her mortification, by our Martha, sitting on the floor of her living room, sans dignity, sans dishes washed, cutting out paper dolls with her young family, whose ecstasy in the experience was little affected by the intrusion.

Her tolerance with the erring one is so worthy of emulation and her personality so comfortable that she is compelled to listen to neighborhood woes, when she actually should, according to local codes, be laundering the dusting cloth.

When our Martha recently suggested to our Mary, rather pointedly, that her sheets would appear more attractive on the line if they were stretched a bit more uniformly, Mary smiled apologetically, remarking in her sweet, confident way, "I suppose I really am a trifle absent-minded this morning, for after I had hung my last sheet on the line, I dawdled a bit. You see, I stopped to pick a pansy."

We need more pansy-pickers in today's society to slow down the tempo of our hectic living. Pansy-pickers are kindly folk. Their genuineness and sincerity radiate. They are those who have found that "The beauty which old Greece or Rome sung, painted, wrought, lies close at home" (John Greenleaf Whittier).

LESSON DEPARTMENT

Theology—The Doctrine and Covenants

Preview of Lessons for 1959-60

Elder Roy W. Doxey

THE revelations for study in this third year's lessons on *The Doctrine and Covenants* were received by the Prophet Joseph Smith not long after the Church was organized, and during a period covering less than a year.

With the embryo kingdom of God upon the earth, the Lord gave instructions on how his Church should function at that time, both as to the Priesthood bearers and the obligations of membership. Some of these important truths were learned from last year's lessons.

Opportunities were now present for men to be called into the missionary work of the new dispensation. The Prophet Joseph Smith was to devote more of his time to the building up of the kingdom of God. The newborn Church increased in membership very rapidly, particularly in Ohio. Among the converts were men who subsequently became leaders in the Church.

This was also a period when the Lord gave a greater understanding of his plan of salvation. We have learned from revelations already studied that fundamental ideas and doctrines were made known in preparation for the restoration of the Church upon the earth. As the kingdom grew in numbers, more revelations were given to provide further enlightenment concerning "the true points of my [Lord's] doctrine." The world had long remained in a state of apostasy, but now the light of the gospel was beginning to shine forth that all might eventually enjoy its teachings. The Lord wanted his people to understand their relationship to him. It was time for the members of the kingdom to know, in part at this time, that there were events of the future which had to be emphasized in the missionary work. These messages consisted of warnings, reproofs, encouragement, and hope.

Those who enjoy biographical studies will find in this series of lessons an opportunity to learn lessons of great worth from men who became stalwart defenders of the faith. On the other hand, men

hose actions did not always con-rm to their rich opportunities for ll eternal advancement come into scussion, and important lessons e to be learned from their lives. me lives are to be emulated while hers serve to indicate the pitfalls at occur along life's journey. For e class leaders of these lessons it ould be well to avoid the tempta-n to emphasize biographical ma-rial in a lesson at the expense of eat doctrinal truths and moral ssons.

Beginning with the first lesson, e learn the value of membership the Church and of the necessity be a true follower of the Savior. fter membership, there come the rvants of Satan to dissuade one m the course of perfection. These ould be detected, labeled, and derstood for what they are. In a orld beset with many beliefs of en, members of the kingdom are ven opportunities to understand eir true status in life, together ith that of the Lord's other cre-ions. Problems of life are always esent, but the light of the gospel ves us, if we will but follow that ght, answers of hope and encour-gement. The Lord's point of view, he has made it known, is of para-ount importance to the members the Church. The foregoing items ggest the general content of this ar's lessons.

For general objectives of this urse on *The Doctrine and Cove-nants* reference should be made to ther the June 1957 or June 1958 sues of *The Relief Society Maga-ne*.

The 1959-60 series of lessons have en given the following titles and bjectives:

Lesson 17—"Magnify Thine Office" (D & C, Sections 23 and 24)

Objective: To show the necessity of magnifying one's calling as a member of the Church and also in a position in the Church.

Lesson 18—". . . Thou Shalt Not Command Him Who Is at Thy Head . . ." (D & C 28:6). (D & C, Sections 28; 43:1-7; 27:5-18)

Objective: To show how a Latter-day Saint may judge whether or not a person who professes a revelation for the Church represents the Lord.

Lesson 19—Some Future Events (D & C, Section 29:1-29)

Objective: To indicate the emphasis which the Lord has put upon future events.

Lesson 20—Spiritual Creations (D & C, Section 29:30-50)

Objective: To indicate the importance of fundamental gospel teachings given to Adam relating to the Lord's spiritual creations, and some of their implications.

Lesson 21—Lessons in Obedience (D & C, Sections 30 and 31)

Objective: "Be faithful unto the end, and lo, I am with you . . ." (D & C 31:13).

Lesson 22—And the Kingdom Grew (D & C, Section 32, 33, and 34)

Objective: To learn ways by which the kingdom of God grew in the beginning of this dispensation.

Lesson 23—A Trial of Faith (D & C, Sections 35, 39, and 40)

Objective: To understand that only those who live the gospel will receive eternal life.

Lesson 24—The Great I Am
(D & C, Sections 36, 37, and 38)

Objective: To understand the position of Jesus in the plan of salvation and of his concern for his saints.

Visiting Teacher Messages—
Truths to Live By From The Doctrine and Covenants

Preview of Lessons for 1959-60

Christine H. Robinson

IN these latter days, we are signally blessed to have for our guidance and instruction the words of the Lord given to his prophets not only anciently, but also in modern times. The Doctrine and Covenants contains the word of the Lord given to us in this day, through his Prophet Joseph Smith, and, as stated by President Joseph F. Smith, ". . . contains some of the most glorious principles ever revealed to the world . . ." (*Eighty-Fourth Semi-Annual Conference*, October 1913, page 9).

Our visiting teacher messages for the year 1959-60 are, as for the past two years, taken from this modern day scripture. These messages are written for you and for me and apply with equal impact to all. They furnish us with the key to right-conduct patterns, which, if followed, will assure us happiness in this life, and will, eventually, lead us back into the presence of our Heavenly Father.

This year's messages "Truths to Live By From The Doctrine and Covenants" place great emphasis on the application of the Lord's words in righteous living. We are reminded that we will receive the companionship of the Lord's spirit and the rich blessings that result, only if we live in accordance with the gospel plan. We are instructed that it is important to receive the Lord's word, but equally important to put his word into effect in our lives.

In this year's messages, the Savior admonishes us to seek for wisdom. He reminds us that wisdom comes from the Lord who will give it to us liberally, if we ask him with unwavering faith. These messages point out that meekness and steadfastness are important virtues to acquire and exercise, if we would be an influence for good. They further declare that the Lord has given us the holy scriptures for our enlightenment and instruction. However, they stipulate that, if we would benefit from the scriptures, we must know them and put their teachings into effect in our lives.

In these "Truths to Live By," we are admonished to put on the armor

of Christ as a protective shield against the destroying influences and temptations ever present in our lives. We gain a better understanding of the true meaning of brotherhood. We learn that brotherhood is built on the foundation of respect for, and understanding of others. Furthermore, the Lord counsels us continuously to seek for a knowledge of his truths and conscientiously follow his teachings, if we would be a free people.

The messages and their objectives for the year 1959-60 are as follows:

Message 17—". . . Take Upon You My Whole Armor, That Ye May Be Able to Withstand the Evil Day . . ." (D & C 27:15).

Objective: To show that only when we protect ourselves with the whole armor of spirituality can we be sure of the constant companionship of the Lord's Spirit.

Message 18—"And Again I Say Unto You, Let Every Man Esteem His Brother as Himself" (D & C 38:25).

Objective: To understand the true meaning of brotherhood.

Message 19—"He That Receiveth My Law and Doeth It, the Same Is My Disciple . . ." (D & C 41:5).

Objective: To show that in order to enjoy the blessings and associations of the Lord's Spirit, we must keep his commandments.

Message 20—"Therefore, He That Lacketh Wisdom, Let Him Ask of Me, and I Will Give Him Liberally and Upbraid Him Not" (D & C 42:68).

Objective: To show that wisdom comes from God and unless we keep his commandments, regardless of our learning, we cannot gain wisdom.

Message 21—"Wherefore, Hear My Voice and Follow Me, and You Shall Be a Free People . . ." (D & C 38:22).

Objective: To show that freedom can only be secured by hearing and following the Savior's teachings.

Message 22—"And The Book of Mormon and the Holy Scriptures Are Given of Me for Your Instruction . . ." (D & C 33:16).

Objective: To show that only by studying and knowing the scriptures and by putting them into action in our lives can we benefit from the Lord's instructions.

Message 23—". . . Govern Your House in Meekness, and Be Steadfast" (D & C 31:9).

Objective: The virtues of meekness and steadfastness applied in our lives and homes will result in an influence for good.

Message 24—"Be Faithful Unto the End, and Lo, I Am With You . . ." (D & C 31:13).

Objective: Only by enduring to the end can we be with our Father in heaven and hope to reap his choicest blessings.

Work Meeting—Physical Safety Factors in the Home

Preview of Discussions for 1959-60

Charlotte A. Larsen

IN past years we have discussed various aspects of homemaking which contribute to the health and happiness of the family members. The discussions have included many important subjects: such as finances, home management, beautification, and saving of time and energy.

Of great importance to the well-being of those residing in the home is a knowledge of the basic rules, procedures, and practices of safety. Whose responsibility is safety? The responsibility lies heavily on my shoulders, on your shoulders, on the shoulders of each individual in the community. Safety is everybody's business and can only be fully realized when each individual assumes that responsibility himself, and learns and carries out the rules for safety. Safety begins with you in your home and with me in my home. Only when everyone feels that safety depends on him alone, only if everyone feels that he has a responsibility to others, can we hope to avoid accidents. This rule cannot be learned too early. Only when it is learned in childhood will it be carried out in adulthood and keep the person safe throughout his life.

The mother in the home is the "Safety Director." Mothers, by taking time to think about safety in the home and by sharing in the discussions with the children, can help them to become more conscious of hazards in the home and on the street. This education is primarily a function of the home.

Young people and adults become much more safety conscious if, occasionally, the family gather together for a safety council meeting and delegate responsibility to each member of the family. As each individual, then, goes beyond the home, the lessons taught around the family council table have definite effects on his behavior. They will do much to establish the right attitude towards removing hazards and learning how to live safely with those that cannot be removed.

The discussions for the year 1959-60 are as follows:

Discussion 1—*Child Safety*

Discussion 2—*Electricity*

Discussion 3—*Fire Hazards*

Discussion 4—*Household Hazards*

Discussion 5—*Hobby Hazards*

Discussion 6—*Safety Precautions in Medicine and Household Items*

Discussion 7—*Food Care and Preservation*

Discussion 8—*Simple First Aid Helps*

Literature—America's Literature—A New Nation Speaks

(Textbook: *America's Literature*, by James D. Hart and Clarence Gohdes, Dryden Press, New York)

Preview of Lessons for 1959-60

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

EVEN after a quarter of a century had elapsed following the momentous days of 1776, when the thirteen colonies first became a separate Nation, they were still separate from each other within the whole. After the first extended period of shooting ended, a second revolution within the budding Nation occurred. A war fought with words rather than with rifles, according to Thomas Jefferson, the revolution of 1800 was as severe as the first one. Once the unity achieved in fighting a common foe had passed, the diverse interests and beliefs sought to have themselves proved through controversy and trial. Many of the knotty problems which arose are eternal ones, always to be faced, never to be resolved finally.

Before 1775 no one sought separation and independence: how could goals be sought of which no one had yet conceived an inward vision? From about 1773 on, however, to such perceptive minds as Benjamin Franklin, the disagreeable possibility of rebelling against the dictates of English Parliament and King became first a remote alternative, then more and more often mentioned until events on both sides made it finally a necessity. But it was forced upon the colonists, forced not so much by the acts of Mother England as by their own English-bred estimates of what man's rights were and what his government's relations to him should be.

In many ways the period was the most imaginative, dynamic, and creative in our national history, not in culture, polite literature, and the arts, but in erecting the solid uses of land, property, education, government, and religion which ever since have been the foundations upon which our sustaining institutions and philosophies have been built. Once these were hewn out in the rough and laid solidly in place, the maturity which comes with the years would produce our great literature of ripeness; meanwhile practical writings produced by practical pens recorded for our eyes a living cross section of an emerging Nation. Save for Byrd and mildly for Franklin, the writers comprising this year's course wrote because the compelling and immediate truth must be told *now*; the impact of their telling it upon the present was necessary to help shape the events of the moment. Thus these writers gain their power through condensation, directness, and immediate application of their subject material to their surrounding realities. Or, in other words, this year's writers are not imaginative, but American.

The lessons and objectives for the second year are as follows:

Lesson 9—*Introduction: Light and Fire*

Objective: To sketch the background for changes in the American mind before and after the Revolutionary War.

Lesson 10—*Benjamin Franklin, Printer* (1706-1790) (Text, pp. 95-122)

Objective: To review some of Franklin's contributions to the American character.

Lesson 11—*Dr. Benjamin Franklin, Retired* (Text, pp. 95-122)

Objective: To review Franklin's literary versatility and so better appreciate his native endowments.

Lesson 12—*Two Early American Quakers: Penn and Woolman* (Text, pp. 123-127)

Objective: To understand more fully the Quaker contribution to the American mind and culture.

Lesson 13—*Two Eighteenth-Century Observers: Byrd and Crevecoeur* (Text, pp. 73-83, 127-136)

Objective: To contrast two evaluations of early American character.

Lesson 14—*Thomas Paine, Revolutionist* (Text, pp. 137-148)

Objective: To evaluate Thomas Paine's contribution to the ideal of freedom.

Lesson 15—*The Federalists and the Great Transition* (Text, pp. 24-32)

Objective: To make preliminary acquaintance with the Federalistic concepts of man and government as written by Timothy Dwight and Alexander Hamilton.

Lesson 16—*Thomas Jefferson* (1743-1826) (Text, pp. 149-154)

Objective: To understand and appreciate Jefferson's contribution to the American way of life.

Social Science—Spiritual Living in the Nuclear Age

Preview of Lessons for 1959-60

Elder Blaine M. Porter

Course Objective: To consider the ways in which we can increase our emotional and religious maturity and develop the personal characteristics which will enable us more fully to live the abundant life as prescribed by Christ.

WHETHER we like it or not, we are confronted by the necessity of re-evaluating many of our personal and social attitudes and practices in terms of new environmental and cultural conditions. These new conditions were dramatically ushered in by the first use

of the atomic bomb on Hiroshima in August 1945. This has been followed by the development of hydrogen bombs, jet airplanes, and the satellite age, beginning with the launching of Sputnik I on October 4, 1957. Now with satellites circling the earth and being fired past the moon and sent into orbit around the sun, we are forced to wonder what almost unbelievable accomplishments are to follow.

As a result of these spectacular events an attitude of unrest has begun to pervade our personal and social thinking. We are suddenly frightened as we realize that man now possesses the power and mechanical devices to destroy himself physically. More serious than the prospect of nuclear war is the likelihood that we may fail to defend and perpetuate what remains of civilized and happy living. A society not nourished by unwavering devotion to the values of the spirit will surely go down to ruin.

Certain reappraisals have taken place as a result of these frightening events of our time. One might question whether or not these reappraisals have been carefully and objectively conducted, or if they have taken place in a state of anxiousness and frenzy. It seems unthinkable that training and research in the area of physical sciences should be expanded regardless of the cost. Technological superiority alone will not determine the winner of the world conflicts which may lie ahead. It is more likely that world conflicts will be finally won only by nations of free men who are free to think for themselves and who have developed the capacity to think and live in a mature fashion. One might seriously question the adequacy of a society which has demonstrated its ability to preserve its existence but has done so at the expense of sacrificing its ability and willingness to formulate and defend cultural and spiritual values.

> Wisdom, ethics, understanding, sympathy, unselfishness, kindness, purity of motive, love of justice, love of one's fellowman—these are the emotions and attitudes for lack of which our spiritually undernourished age is languishing. . . . These unlock the door of human happiness. These have the power to subordinate our science and our discovery into benign instruments for the service of mankind (Jensen, Ellis E., "Our Undernourished Philosophy Department," *Phi Kappa Phi Journal*, Summer 1958, pp. 23-24, used by permission).

The challenge of living spiritually in a nuclear age is before us, and it is quite possible that the success which we achieve in this direction will be of far greater significance in determining the peace of the world in the future than will the accomplishments of being in first place in the satellite race. It will be the purpose of the series of lessons on "Spiritual Living in the Nuclear Age" to consider the ways in which we can increase our emotional and religious maturity and develop the personal characteristics which will enable us more fully to live the abundant life as prescribed by Christ. The importance of this latter achievement lies not only in the significant role which it can play in establishing a peaceful world, but also in the contribution it makes in helping us experience more gracious and happy living as we move toward our goal of perfection.

An attempt will be made to pre-

sent the lesson material so that it will seem sufficiently specific and tangible to be of practical use and not in the realm of theory and abstractness. However, it should be remembered that we cannot be led by the hand all the way and have someone point out each step. The challenges of our time and of the gospel of Jesus Christ require a maturity of developing an understanding of principles and a capacity to interpret and apply these principles to our own unique situation. We wish you happy adventuring through the following lessons:

Lesson 1—*The Spiritual Road*

Objective: To appraise present world conditions and to chart a course for the spiritually minded person living in the nuclear age.

Lesson 2—*Developing Emotional Maturity*

Objective: To gain an understanding of what emotional maturity is and how it can be evaluated.

Lesson 3—*The Role of Emotional Maturity in Spiritual Living*

Objective: To analyze some of the factors influencing development of emotional maturity; and to develop an appreciation of the importance of emotional maturity in living the fulness of the gospel.

Lesson 4—*The Individual and Religious Maturity—Part I*

Objective: To consider some criteria of religious maturity and the role of religious maturity in spiritual living.

Lesson 5—*The Individual and Religious Maturity—Part II*

Objective: To consider some criteria of religious maturity and the role of religious maturity in spiritual living.

Lesson 6—*Creative and Spiritual Living—Pathways to Peace Part I*

Objective: To explore the ways in which creative and spiritual living can add to the abundance and richness of life.

Lesson 7—*Creative and Spiritual Living—Pathways to Peace Part II*

Objective: To explore the ways in which creative and spiritual living can contribute toward building a world of peace and good will toward men.

Where the Gull Goes

Gwen Marler Barney

High as I want to go
Is where the gull flies in slow turning
Away from what I know, from call and care.
But look below and bird swiftly wheels to nest
As I to bungalow.

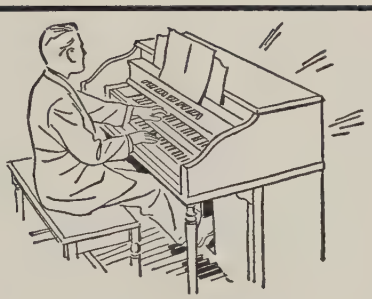
Notes on the Authors of the Lessons

THIS year two new writers are represented among the authors of the lessons and introduced to readers of the *Magazine*. Biographical sketches of Elder Blaine M. Porter and Charlotte A. Larsen follow.

BLAINE M. Porter, author of the social science lessons "Spiritual Living in the Nuclear Age," was born in Morgan, Utah, the second son of Ernest and Edna Brough Porter. He graduated from Morgan High School and Morgan L.D.S. Seminary. He attended Utah State University and Weber College, where he was in the first graduating class from the Institute of Religion at Weber College.

Dr. Porter served in the United States Air Force as a pilot during World War II, during which time he was awarded both US and RAF wings. He returned to Brigham Young University, where he received his Bachelor's and Master's Degrees. His Ph.D. was received at Cornell University, Ithaca, New York. He was a member of the faculty at Iowa State College for five years, and, since the fall of 1955, he has been professor and chairman of the Department of Human Development and Family Relationships at Brigham Young University.

He served in the Sunday School superintendency at B. Y. U., was Sunday School superintendent in the branch at Ames, Iowa, and a member of the stake YMMIA superintendency in Long Beach, Cali-



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Phone: DA 8-0303

fornia. He recently served as chairman of a special research and advisory committee for the General Boards of the Primary and YWMIA. He is presently a member of the East Sharon Stake Sunday School board.

He is a member of the executive committee and board of directors of the National Council on Family Relations and chairman of its section on marriage counseling. He served as the president-elect of the Iowa Council on Family Relations, and Vice-Chairman of the section on Family Relations and Child Development of the American Home Economics Association. He married Elizabeth Taylor of Spanish Fork, Utah. They have four children, Claudia, Roger, David, and Patty.

CHARLOTTE A. Larsen, author of the work meeting lessons, "Physical Safety Factors in the Home," has been a member of the General Board of Relief Society since 1953. One of nine children, she was born in Logan, Utah, a daughter of John H. and Anna Eliason Anderson. She attended Brigham Young College and Utah State Agricultural College. She married Joseph Reuben Larsen, and they are parents of five children, four of them living: Dr. L. C. Larsen, Salt Lake City chiropodist; Mrs. Bernice Larsen Robbins; John A. Larsen, Assistant Principal, West High School, Salt Lake City, Utah; and Dr. J. R. Larsen, Jr., Professor of Entomology, University of Pennsylvania. A daughter LaFaye Larsen died at the age of nine years. There are sixteen grandchildren and two great-grandchildren.

The family members are all devoted to the Church and take an active part in it. Sister Larsen has been a Relief Society worker for more than thirty years, and has also worked in the other auxiliaries of the Church, including the position of drama director in Yale and Yalecrest Wards, Salt Lake City, Utah. For many years she was a teacher of private groups in dramatic arts and public speaking.

At present she is Second Vice-President of the Salt Lake City Safety Council, and for four years she has represented the General Board of Relief Society on this council.

For biographical sketches of the authors of the other lessons, see:

Elder Roy W. Doxey, author of the theology lessons, *The Relief Society Magazine*, June 1957, page 410.

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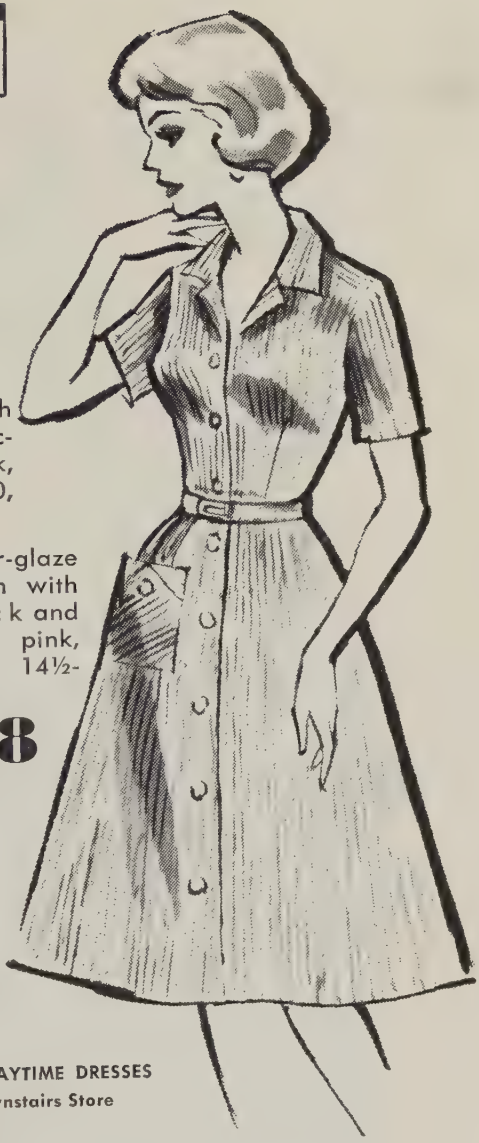

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Christine H. Robinson, author of the visiting teacher messages, June 1957, page 412.

Elder Briant S. Jacobs, author of the literature lessons, July 1949, page 471.

Relief Society for Mothers and Daughters

Permella Haggard

MY heart is full of thanksgiving for the beautiful memories I carry with me of my early training, and for the habits acquired as a small girl. When we were young, we children went to Relief Society with mother. She never knew what it was to stay home because it happened to be nap time. For that one day, we skipped our naps. Biby-sitters were not heard of then. Everyone went and took their little ones — and for this I am grateful. Now that I am older and have a grown daughter with four little ones of her own, I can see how important good habits can be when children are young.

I respect and love my mother for setting the proper example for me, and now my daughter, in turn, has the habit of going to Relief Society, not because she thinks she should, but because she wants to. And how did she acquire that habit? Because while she was young and at home, she saw the great good Relief Society had done for me. In one of her recent letters she wrote about walking to Relief Society and taking her babies. Her car was tied up for the day, but that didn't keep her home. In turn, her children are getting the habit and know what Tuesday has in store for them.

Every young girl should have aise and honor for her mother and courage her to go to Relief So- ty meetings and perform her ties. The things she learns there lp her to be a better mother and fe.

Life is like climbing a mountain. ou know full well that on reaching e top there will be unfolded to u blessings of which you never en dreamed. But, as you struggle wards, pebbles get into your shoes d hurt your feet, briars tear and atch you, and, suddenly, you trip d fall, having been unaware of a dden rock in the ground. This n be compared to difficulties we eet with in everyday life. The peb- e which hurts our foot is that little sire *not* to do all the things we ow we should, thus hurting us iritually and physically; the briar hich scratches and tears is an un- nd act to those who are trying so rd to encourage and lead us along e right path. And the hidden rock uld be the criticism we make of r leaders.

But the stout of heart, obeying e Lord's commandments despite eir many weaknesses, follow the th with increased love and obedi- nce.

THE Relief Society was organized to raise human life to its high- t level, and, surely, it does just that r all those who will let it. Most ople need improvement, but the lace to begin is with ourselves.

Sometime when you're feeling im- rtant, sometime when your ego's bloom, sometime when you take for granted you're the best quali- d person in the room, sometime hen you feel that you are indis- pensable, just remember, none of us is indispensable, but we do want to leave a good impression in the hearts of all those who know us, and we can do that by developing ourselves spiritually. Relief Society offers this development.

I am sure all of you sometime have seen the beautiful flowers blooming on the hillside in the springtime. Maybe several years go by without a single blossom. What is the reason for this? Seeds aren't planted just certain years. It takes God's refreshing and life-giving rain and lots of sunshine to make these seeds develop and mature into beautiful plants and flowers. I firmly believe that the Relief Society can help our members bloom into beautiful flowers. Our lessons in theology where we learn our Lord's work; in culture where we study the best of the world's literature; in music where we gain an appreciation of this lovely gift; in social science which we can apply to everyday affairs; in work meetings which provide an opportunity for our young members —— all these things can act as God's rain and sunshine upon our members. The seed is planted in each of us and with an earnest *desire* on our part, God will make it bloom.

I used to think, what a nice person I am. So many wicked things I didn't do. But now that I have grown older, I sigh to think of the many good things I didn't do.

I make a special note on important things to do and, although I struggle every day, I never get quite through

And so it goes from day to day, forever without end, no matter how much energy I constantly expend.

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But then sometimes I wonder as I tackle something new, how would I feel if I had no important thing to do.

Relief Society *is* important. It is here for all to enjoy — young members as well as the older ones. Come and see for yourselves.

May the Lord bless all of you with the earnest desire to serve and the time and ability to do it.

Birthday Congratulations

Ninety-five

Mrs. Hannah S. Jones
Salt Lake City, Utah

Ninety-four

Mrs. Elizabeth Mohr Felix
Logan, Utah

Ninety-two

Mrs. Annie E. Clark Moffett
Smoot, Wyoming

Ninety-one

Mrs. Georgina Toone Condie
Ogden, Utah

Mrs. Bodell Christine Hansen Jensen
Salt Lake City, Utah

Ninety

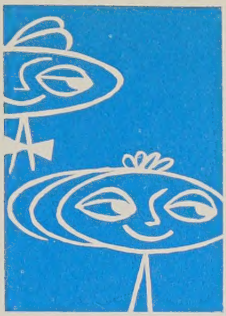
Mrs. Freda von Hake
Santa Monica, California

Mrs. Mae Ruth Spruce Drummond
Sacramento, California

Mrs. Emily Cowley Bench Fowler
Salt Lake City, Utah

Mrs. Nancy Mathews
Shelley, Idaho

Alvina Glattle Weber
Chicago, Illinois



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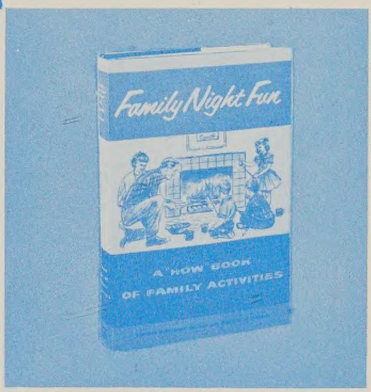

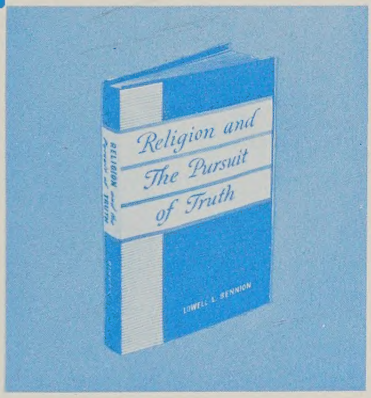

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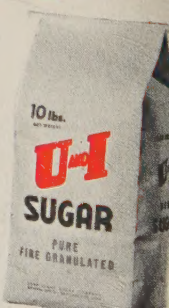

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